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ETHICAL SELECTIONS

THAT GO WITH THE
STATE COURSE OF STUDY
FOR
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ETHICAL SELECTIONS

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STATE COURSE OF STUDY

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ETHICAL SELECTIONS.

FIRST GRADE.

Section I.

"The Hare and the Tortoise," "The Crow and the Pitcher," "Story of Cinderella," "The Dog in the Manger."

NOTICE.

The selections omitted from this book are those given in "Ethics For Children"; published by Houghton Mifflin Co., Chicago; price \$1.00. It is in most of the school libraries of South Dakota. Every school library should have it. The work on Ethics, outlined in the Course of Study, cannot be carried on successfully without it.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

One fine day a hare saw a tortoise sunning himself on a rock.

"Good morning," said the hare, "what are you going to do today?"

"I am going to move over to the river. They tell me that the flowers are more beautiful and that the air is sweeter there," said the tortoise. "I have felt for some time that I needed a change of scene."

"Ho! ho!" cried the hare, "It seems to me you had better get some one to carry you over. It will take a life time to get there at the rate you travel."

"But I keep moving all the time. Every little helps you know," replied the tortoise. "Just suppose we see who gets there first."

The hare laughed so hard he almost fell over. "I race—with you! Why I can go ten miles while you are going one."

"Let us try any way," said the tortoise. "But remember I keep going all the time."

"Very well, we will call Judge Fox to decide the race," said the hare.

Judge Fox came and sat down beside the road.

"We will have this mile stone for a starting place," said he.

"Make ready. One, two, three, go."

Off they started. The tortoise very slowly and the hare as fast as he could go.

He was soon far out of sight of the plodding tortoise.

"Dear me," said the hare, "how foolish for me to run so fast and get all tired and hot for nothing. I shall just turn into this field and eat some of the sweet clover."

When he had eaten his fill he went to a spring and took a good drink.

"No use of any hurry. That slow old tortoise will not be along before morning. I'll just take a little nap under this friendly tree."

And there he slept soundly for hours.

The slow tortoise kept on his way and never stopped to look at the many beautiful things by the roadside.

He passed the sleeping hare and went softly on without waking him.

"I wonder where my slow friend is now," he said. "I should think he would be in sight by this time. He is even slower than I thought."

"It seems I have plenty of time. I will just go across to that pond and visit awhile with my friends, the frogs."

There he had such a happy time that he stayed until evening.

Then he ran quickly to the river, where he saw the tired tortoise quietly resting and talking to the fox.

"Why," said the surprised hare, "how did you get here so soon?"

"I kept moving all the time," said the tortoise.

"It is not always the fastest runner that wins the race," said the wise fox.

THE CROW AND THE PITCHER.

A poor crow had been working hard all day and had had nothing to drink. So he was very thirsty.

He spied a pitcher sitting on a stone. "How grand!" said the crow. "I will see if there is any water in it."

He found there was. But alas, stretch his neck as far as he could, he could not reach the water.

"What shall I do!" thought he, and began to look around.

He saw some little stones lying on the ground. One by one he picked them up and dropped them into the pitcher. Soon the water rose so he could reach it.

"Where there is a will there is a way," said he, and took a good drink.

CINDERELLA.

There was once a little girl, whose name was Cinderella. She had no mother. Her mother had died when she was a very little baby. But she had two sisters who were lazy and proud, and who did not love Cinderella at all. They did not like to work, but made Cinderella do all the work. She had to wash and iron, do the baking and cooking, scrub the floor, and clean the sidewalk, and in the evening when she was very, very tired, she had to sit in the kitchen and sew fine dresses for the two lazy sisters.

While Cinderella worked the sisters sat in the parlor, doing nothing. They would not let Cinderella come into the parlor. She had to stay in the kitchen all the time.

After a while the king had a big party at his beautiful palace, to which the two proud sisters were invited. Poor Cinderella could not go. She had no fine clothes to wear. Her dresses were old and her shoes were torn. And so the two sisters went to the party, and left poor little Cinderella sitting alone in the kitchen, crying.

All at once a fairy stood before her and said: "Do not cry, my good girl; your proud and lazy sisters did not want to take you along to the party because you have no fine clothes; but you shall go to the party, and you shall have the most beautiful dress of all."

"But you must go to the party in a carriage, like your sisters," said the fairy, therefore go and bring me a pumpkin."

Cinderella went and brought a pumpkin. The fairy touched it with her wand, and the big pumpkin turned into a handsome carriage.

"But we must have horses for the carriage," said the fairy; "therefore bring me the six white mice that were caught in the trap last night."

So Cinderella went and brought the trap with the mice and the good fairy touched them with her wand and they turned into six white horses.

"Well," said the fairy, now we must have a coachman, dressed in a long coat and a high silk hat."

Just then a big black rat came running along; the fairy touched it quickly with her wand, and the rat turned into a tall coachman, in a fine embroidered coat and a high silk hat.

Then the fairy touched Cinderella with the wand she held in her hand, and her old clothes turned into the most beautiful garments, and in place of her old shoes she had a beautiful pair of golden slippers.

"Now," said the fairy, "hurry up, get into the carriage and drive to the king's palace; but be sure and get home before twelve o'clock tonight. If you stay at the party after twelve o'clock your carriage will turn into a pumpkin, your horses into mice, and the coachman into a rat. So be sure to do what I have told you."

"Oh, yes," said Cinderella, "you dear, kind fairy, I thank you ever so much and I will do what you have told me."

Then she got into her carriage and drove to the king's palace as fast as the six horses could run.

There were a great many people standing before the palace to see all the fine horses and carriages, and to see the beautiful ladies in their handsome dresses. But when they saw Cinderella they said: "This must be a princess, for she is so beautiful and has the most handsome dress."

The king's son was looking out of the window, and when he saw Cinderella and how beautiful she was, he ran down stairs, gave her his hand, and led her into the ball-room. And

when she came into the ball-room the dancers stopped dancing, the music stopped playing, and all looked at her and said:

"How beautiful!"

"How lovely!"

"What a beautiful princess!"

And the king's son danced with Cinderella, and all the other dancers stood still and did nothing else but look at her.

Even the old king could do nothing but keep looking at the beautiful lady who was dancing with his son. He said to his wife, the queen; "Who can this be? We have never seen such a beautiful princess in our palace.

A little before twelve o'clock Cinderella left the ball-room and got into her carriage and went home.

After a while her two sisters came home and said: "Oh! what a fine time we have had, and what a lovely princess we have seen." For a whole hour the two sisters talked about nothing else than the beautiful princess.

When they stopped talking, Cinderella said: "Oh, please, take me along to the king's party tomorrow night. Give me one of your old dresses; that will be good enough for me. I would like to see the beautiful princess, too. Do let me go."

But the two sisters only laughed at her and said: "What are you thinking about, you foolish girl? We do not want such a poor kitchen servant as you are to go with us. Stay at home and do your work."

The next evening the two sisters went again to the ball, and when they were gone the fairy came and again told Cinderella to get ready to go; and then the fairy gave her a finer dress than before.

This evening the king's son waited for her at the door, and as soon as she came he danced with her, and kept dancing with her all the evening. Oh! she had such a good time, and she never thought of the clock.

All at once the clock began to strike twelve. Cinderella ran down stairs as fast as she could. She ran so fast that she lost one of her golden slippers on the stairs.

The prince ran after her. He could not catch her, but he found the golden slipper on the stair. He asked all the people in front of the palace if they had not seen a beautiful

lady come down stairs. But they said, they had seen no beautiful lady; only a poor girl with a torn dress.

And that was true. For when Cinderella got down stairs, and the clock had struck twelve, all her fine clothes were gone. She had her old clothes on, and there was no carriage with fine horses, and she had to walk home.

The prince felt very sad that he could not find the beautiful princess, and he sent a great many men to look for her. He said he would marry the lady who could wear the golden slipper. The men went from house to house, and all the young ladies tried to put on the golden slipper; but none of them could put it on; the slipper was too small.

At last the men came to the house where Cinderella and her two sisters lived. The two proud sisters tried to put on the golden slipper; but the slipper did not fit—their feet were too big.

Then Cinderella came into the room and when she saw the slipper, she said: "That is my slipper, please; let me put it on."

But her sisters were angry and said: "You foolish girl, go back to your kitchen."

But the men said: "Everybody may try to put on the golden slipper. Let her try."

Cinderella then took the golden slipper and put it on, and it fitted like a glove. Then she took the other slipper out of her pocket and put that on too.

When her sisters saw that, they almost fainted, they were so surprised. And now came the good fairy again, and touched Cinderella with her wand, so that once more she was dressed in the most beautiful clothes.

Then the two sisters saw that the beautiful lady at the king's party had been their own little sister, and now they felt sorry, and they fell down on their knees and asked Cinderella to forgive them for having been so unkind.

Cinderella was a good girl, and so she said to them: "Yes, my dear sisters, I forgive you, but you must never forget to be kind to poor people."

Then she kissed her sisters and said good-bye, and drove

in her carriage to the king's palace. There the prince married her, and Cinderella lived with him in the palace, and was good and happy as long as she lived.

THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

A dog lay in a manger, and by his growling and snapping he prevented the oxen from eating the hay which had been placed for them.

"What a selfish dog!" said one of them to his companions; "He cannot eat the hay himself and yet he refuses to allow those to eat who can."

Section II.

THE PIG AND THE HEN.

(By Alice Cary.)

The pig and the hen,
They both got in one pen,
And the hen said she wouldn't go out.
"Mistress Hen," says the pig,
"Don't you be quite so big!"
And he gave her a push with his snout.

"You are rough and you're fat,
But who cares for all that;
I will stay if I choose," says the hen.
"No, mistress, no longer!"
Says the pig, "I'm the stronger,
And mean to be boss of my pen!"

Then the hen cackled out
Just as close to his snout
As she dared: "You're an ill-natured brute;
And if I had the corn,
Just as sure as I'm born,
I would send you to starve or to root!"

“But you don’t own the cribs;
So I think that my ribs
Will be never the leaner for you:
This trough is my trough,
And the sooner you’re off,
Says the pig, “Why the better you’ll do!”

“You’re not a bit fair,
And you’re cross as a bear;
What harm do I do in your pen?
But a pig is a pig,
And I don’t care a fig
For the worst you can say” says the hen.

Says the pig, “You will care
If I ACT like a bear
And tear your two wings from your neck.”
“What a nice little pen
You have got!” says the hen,
Beginning to scratch and to peck.

Now the pig stood amazed,
And the bristles, upraised
A moment past, fell down so sleek.
“Neighbor Biddy,” says he,
“If you’ll just allow me,
I will show you a nice place to pick!”

So she followed him off,
And they ate from one trough—
They had quarreled for nothing, they saw;
And when they had fed,
“Neighbor Hen,” the pig said,
“Won’t you stay here and roost in my straw?”

“No, I thank you; you see
That I sleep in a tree,”
Says the hen; “but I must go away;

So a grateful good-by."
"Make your home in my sty,"
Says the pig, "and come in every day."

Now my child will not miss
The true moral of this
Little story of anger and strife;
For a word spoken soft
Will turn enemies oft
Into friends that will stay friends for life.

Section III.

"Thank You, Pretty Cow," by Jane Taylor. It is found in Hazard's "Three Years With the Poets," published by Houghton, Mifflin Co., Chicago. The book is copyrighted and the selection cannot be reproduced.

"Little White Lilly," by George McDonald.

LITTLE WHITE LILY.

Little white Lily sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting till the sun shone.
Little white Lily, sunshine has fed;
Little white Lily's clothing and food."

Little white Lily said, "It is good—
Little white Lily's clothing and food."
Little white Lily's drest like a bride!
Shining with whiteness and crowned beside!

Little white Lily droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting for the wet rain
Little white Lily holdeth her cup;
Rain is fast falling and filling it up.

Little white Lily said "Good again—
When I am thirsty to have fresh rain!
Now I am stronger; now I am cool;
Heat cannot burn me, my veins are so full."

Little white Lily smells very sweet;
On her head sunshine, rain at her reet.
"Thanks to the sunshine, thanks to the rain!"
Little white lily is happy again!—Geo. McDonald.

Section IV.

The work for this month may be found in the Bible and in Ethics for Children.

Section V.

"Tom, The Chimney Sweep." See Ethics for Children, page 14.

"Pig Brother."

THE PIG BROTHER.

There was once a child who was untidy. He left his books on the floor, and his muddy shoes on the table; he put his fingers in the jam-pots, and spilled ink on his best pinafore; there was really no end to his untidiness.

One day the Tidy Angel came into his nursery.

"This will never do!" said the Angel. "This is really shocking. You must go out and stay with your brother while I set things to rights here."

"I have no brother!" said the child.

"Yes you have!" said the Angel. "You may not know him, but he will know you. Go out in the garden and watch for him, and he will soon come."

"I don't know what you mean!" said the child; but he went out into the garden and waited.

Presently a squirrel came along, whisking his tail.

"Are you my brother?" asked the child.

The squirrel looked him over carefully.

"Well, I should hope not!" he said. "My fur is neat and smooth, my nest is handsomely made, and in perfect order, and my young ones are properly brought up. Why do you insult me by asking such a question?"

Presently a wren came hopping by.

"Are you my brother?" asked the child.

"No indeed!" said the wren. "What impertinence! You will find no tidier person than I in the whole garden. Not a feather is out of place, and my eggs are the wonder of all for smoothness and beauty. Brother, indeed!" He hopped off, ruffling his feathers and the child waited.

By and by a large Tom Cat came along.

"Are you my brother?" asked the child.

"Go and look at yourself in the glass," said the Tom Cat haughtily, "and you will have your answer. I have been washing myself in the sun all the morning, while it is clear that no water has come near you for a long time. There are no such creatures as you in my family, I am humbly thankful to say."

He walked on, waving his tail, and the child waited.

Presently a pig came trotting along.

The child did not wish to ask the pig if he were his brother, but the pig did not wait to be asked.

"Hallo, brother!" he grunted.

"I am not your brother!" said the child.

"Oh, yes, you are!" said the pig. "I confess I am not proud of you, but there is no mistaking the members of our family. Come along, and have a good roll in the barnyard! There is some lovely black mud there."

"I don't like to roll in mud!" said the child.

"Tell that to the hens!" said the pig brother. "Look at your hands, and your shoes, and your pinafore! Come along,

I say! You may have some of the pig-wash for supper, if there is more than I want.

"I don't want pig-wash!" said the child; and he began to cry.

Just then the Tidy Angel came out.

"I have set everything to rights," she said "and so it must stay. Now, will you go with Pig Brother, or will you come back with me, and be a tidy child?"

"With you, with you!" cried the child; and he clung to the Angel's dress.

The Pig Brother grunted.

"Small loss!" he said. "There will be all the more wash for me!" and he trotted on.

REBEKAH AT THE WELL.

Abraham was getting old, and well stricken in years. He said unto the eldest servant of his house, that ruled over all that he had: "Put, I pray thee, thy hand under my right thigh, and I will make thee swear by the God of Heaven that thou shalt not take a wife unto my son of the daughters of the Canaanites, among whom I dwell; but thou shalt go unto my country and to my kindred and take a wife unto my son, Isaac."

And the servant said unto him: "Peradventure the woman will not be willing to follow me unto this land; must I needs bring thy son again unto the land from whence thou camest?"

Abraham said unto him: "Beware that thou bring not my son thither again."

The servant put his hand under the thigh of Abraham, his master, and sware to him concerning this matter. Then he took ten camels and departed, and went to Mesopotamia, unto the city of Nahor.

And he made his camels kneel down without the city by a well at the time of evening that women go to draw water. He said: "O Lord God, let it come to pass that the damsel to whom I shall say: 'Let down thy pitcher that I may drink'—and she shall say, 'Drink, and I will give thy camels drink

also'—be she that thou hast appointed for thy servant, Isaac."

And it came to pass, before he was done speaking, that Rebekah came out with her pitcher upon her shoulder. The damsel was fair to look upon. She went down to the well; filled her pitcher and came up.

The servant ran to meet her. He said: "Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water from thy pitcher."

She hastened and let down her pitcher upon her hand and gave him drink. Then she said: "I will draw water for thy camels also until they are done drinking."

And it came to pass, as the camels had done drinking, that the man took and gave to her a golden ear-ring of a half shekel weight, and two bracelets for her hands, of ten shekels weight of gold, and said: "Whose daughter art thou?"

She answered: "I am the daughter of Bethuel, the son of Milcah."

And the damsel ran and told them of her mother's house these things.

Rebekah had a brother named Laban. He ran out unto the man at the well, after he had seen the ear-rings, and the bracelets upon his sister's hands. And he said: "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord! Why standest thou without? I have prepared the house, and room for the camels."

And the man came in unto the house; and there was set meat before him; but he said: "I will not eat until I have told mine errand."

They said to him: "Speak on!"

He said: "I am Abraham's servant. The Lord hath blessed my master greatly. He hath given him flocks and herds and silver and gold. Abraham made me swear—"Thou shalt not take a wife to my son of the daughters of the Canaanites, in whose land I dwell, but thou shalt go into the land of my kindred and take a wife to my son." And I bowed down my head and worshipped the Lord. He led me in the right way to take my master's brother's daughter Rebekah unto his son."

Laban and Bethuel answered and said: "The thing proceedeth from the Lord: we cannot speak unto thee bad or

good. Behold, Rebekah is before thee. Take her and go; and let her be thy master's son's wife."

And the servant brought forth jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, and raiment, and gave them to Rebekah. They did eat and drink, he and the men that were with him; and they tarried until morning.

Then the servant spoke and said: "Send me away unto my master."

And her mother and her brother replied: "Let the damsel abide with us a few days—at least ten; after that she shall go."

He answered: "Hinder me not seeing that the Lord hath prospered my way."

And they said: "We will call the damsel and enquire at her mouth."

So they called Rebekah and said unto her: "Wilt thou go with this man?"

She answered: "I will go!"

And they blessed Rebekah and said unto her: "Thou art our sister. Be thou the mother of thousands of millions, and let thy off-spring possess the gate of those which hate them."

Rebekah arose, and her damsels, and they rode upon the camels, and followed the man.

And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at eventide; and he lifted up his eyes and saw that the camels were coming.

Rebekah lifted up her eyes; and when she saw Isaac, she lighted off her camel. She had said to the servant, "What man is this that walketh in the field to meet us?"

The servant had said, "It is my master."

Therefore, she took a vail and covered herself. And the servant told Isaac all things he had done.

Isaac brought her into his mother Sarah's tent, and took Rebekah and she became his wife. He loved her, and was comforted after his mother's death.

Section VII.

"Raggybug." See Ethics for Children, page 21.

Section VII.

"The Lion and the Mouse," "The Queen Bee," "Snow-white and Rose-red."

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

A hungry lion lay down and fell asleep.

Some little mice began to play hide-and-seek on his back. The lion awoke and found a little mouse under his paw.

"Oh pity me! spare me!" cried the little mouse. "You are so great and I am so small. If you spare my life I will help you some day."

"What can a little mouse like you do for me?" laughed the lion, "but as it would take a thousand like you to make a meal for me I will let you go." So the mouse ran away happy.

Not long after the lion was walking through the forest looking for food. Some hunters found him and bound him with a strong rope. Then they went away to get their guns to kill him.

The little mouse heard the lion roaring and ran to see what was wrong.

"Do not be afraid, old friend, I will help you," said the mouse.

"What can you do?" roared the lion.

"You will see," said the mouse, and began to gnaw the rope.

The lion was soon free. When the hunters came back they found nothing but a little mouse and a bit of broken rope.

THE QUEEN BEE.

There were once two brothers who set out to see the world. They soon wasted their money so that they were not able to come home again.

The youngest, whose name was Witling, and who had stayed at home set out to look for them. At last he found them but only to be made fun of for his trouble.

"Do you think you can take care of us?" asked the oldest brother.

"You have always been young and foolish," said the second brother. "Can you make your way in the world better than we can?"

Witling said nothing. He had always been called young and foolish, but he was sure that he could find some way to help his brothers.

They all went on together until they came to an ant-hill.

"Let us stir up the ant-hill," said the eldest brother. "Then we can see the little ants hurry away with their eggs."

"Leave the ants alone," said Witling. "I will not let you trouble them."

They walked for miles along a lonely road. After a time they came to a lake, where a flock of ducks were swimming about.

"Let us catch one of the ducks and kill it," said the eldest brother.

"We will roast it for our dinner," said the second brother.

"Leave the ducks alone," said Witling. "I will not let you kill one of them."

"Young and foolish as ever," said the eldest brother. But they went on into a deep wood. Soon they found a bee's nest in a tree by the roadside.

"Let us make a fire and smoke the bees," said the two eldest. "Then we can get the honey."

"Leave the poor bees alone," said Witling. "I will not let you hurt them with fire and smoke."

Beyond the wood was a great stone castle.

Everything about the place was still. Stone horses stood in the stables and a large stone dog lay inside the gate.

The brothers entered the castle and went through room after room. At last they found a little man, dressed in gray, seated at a table.

They spoke to him once, twice, but he did not answer. They called the third time and he arose and came toward them.

Then he pointed to a table full of good things to eat.

When the meal was ended the little gray man showed the brothers their bed chambers.

II.

In the morning the strange little man came to the eldest brother and led him to a stone table.

The top was covered with writing.

"He who would wake from sleep all that are turned into stone must perform three tasks." So said the writing.

The first task was to find the queen's pearls. Under the moss in the forest were one thousand pearls. These must all be found in one day or the finder would be turned into stone at sunset.

The eldest brother went out and searched all day long. He found only one hundred, and just as the sun went down, he became a stone image.

Then the second brother tried to find the pearls. He too failed, and was turned into stone.

On the third day, Witling, the youngest brother, went into the forest to look for the pearls. He found the task hard and began to weep.

The ant king heard his voice and came to his aid with an army of ants.

"You saved the lives of our little ones," he said. "Now we will save yours."

Before long the great army of ants had found every pearl beneath the moss. There were ten piles of one hundred each, not one missing.

The second task was to find the key of the sleeping room where lay the three princess. This was in the bottom of the lake that the brothers had passed on their journey.

When the youngest brother came to the lake, there were the ducks swimming about. At once they dived to the bottom of the lake and found the key for him. "You saved our lives, now we will save yours," said the ducks.

The third task was hardest of all. This was to tell which was the youngest of the three princess that lay asleep upon their beds.

As Witling stood looking at the three stone images, a swarm of bees flew into the room.

"You saved our lives, now we will save yours," said the Queen Bee. She lighted on the lips of the youngest princess and thus helped Witling to make the right choice.

Then there was a great noise. In a moment the castle was full of life for all the stone images awoke from their long sleep.

And the brother that was called young and foolish became the owner of the castle and the prince of the land.

SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED.

There was once a poor widow who lived in a lonely little cottage, in front of which was a garden, where two rose-trees bloomed, one of which bore a white rose and the other a red. Now, the widow had two children, who were like the rose-trees, for one was called Snow-white and the other Rose-red.

The two children loved each other so dearly that whenever they went out together they walked hand-in-hand. Very often they went out into the wood by themselves to pick berries, but the wild beasts would not harm them. If they happened to stay too long in the wood and the night came on, they just lay down side by side upon the moss, and slept until the morning dawned, and as the mother knew this she was never anxious about them.

Once when they had spent the night in the wood, and the sunrise awoke them, they saw a beautiful child in a shining white robe sitting beside their resting-place. He arose and smiled, but said not a word, and went away into the wood.

And when they looked around they found they had been lying close to a precipice, over which they must have fallen in the darkness if they had taken another step. So their mother told them that the child they had seen must have been the sweet angel who watched over little children.

The children lived a very happy life with their dear mother in their pretty cottage home. In the evenings the mother would say, "Now, Snow-white, bolt the door," and

then they seated themselves around the hearth, and the mother put on her spectacles, and read to them out of a great big book, whilst the girls sat at their spinning-wheels and listened.

Beside them on the floor lay a little lamb, and on a perch behind them a white dove sat, with its head tucked snugly under its wing.

One winter's evening, as they all sat comfortably together, someone knocked at the door as though he wished to be let in.

"Quick, Rose-red," said the mother, "open the door. Very likely some poor wanderer has come to seek shelter."

Rose-red ran to push back the bolt and open the door, thinking to see a poor man, but instead, a great black bear pushed his big black head in and looked at them.

Rose-red screamed with fright, the lamb began to bleat, the dove shook its wings, and Snow-white ran to hide herself behind her mother's bed.

But the bear told them not be afraid, for he would not hurt them. "I am half frozen with the cold," he said, "and only wish to warm myself a little."

"Poor fellow," answered the mother; "lie down by the fire, but see that you do not burn your thick fur coat."

Then she called the little children, and told them to have no fear, for the bear would not harm them, but was an honest and respectable fellow.

So Snow-white and Rose-red crept out from their hiding-places, and by-and-by the lamb and dove came too, and were not the least afraid of the bear, who asked the children to brush the snow from his fur for him. They fetched a broom and brushed the thick black coat, till not a single flake remained, and then the bear stretched himself comfortably in front of the fire, and growled gently with content.

Before long the children were quite at home with their clumsy guest, playing all sorts of tricks upon him. The bear seemed well pleased with this treatment, though, when they became a little too rough, he would cry comically, "Please, children, don't kill me quite."

When bed-time came the mother told the bear that he might spend the night beside the hearth, and so be sheltered from the cold and storm.

As soon as morning dawned the two children opened the door, and he trotted away across the snow and was lost to sight in the wood. But from that day the bear came to them every night at the same time, laid himself down beside the hearth, and let the children play pranks with him as they liked, and they soon grew so accustomed to him that they never thought of bolting the door until their black friend had arrived.

When spring came, and the whole world was fresh and green, the bear told Snow-white one morning that he would not be able to visit them again all through the summer months.

"Where are you going to, dear bear?" asked Snow-white.

"I must stay in the wood and guard my treasures from the wicked dwarfs. In the winter, when the ground is frozen hard, they cannot work their way through it, and are obliged to stay below in their caves; but now that the warm sun has thawed the earth, they will soon break through it, and come out to steal what they can find, and that which once goes into their caves seldom comes out again."

Snow-white grieved sadly over the parting. As she unbolted the door and the bear hurried through, a piece of his coat caught on the latch and was torn off, and it seemed to the child that she saw a glimmer of gold beneath it, but she was not sure. The bear ran quickly away, and soon disappeared behind the trees.

Some time afterwards the mother sent the children into the wood to gather sticks. They came to a great tree which lay felled on the ground, and beside which something kept jumping up and down in the grass.

At first they could not make out what it was, but as they came nearer they saw that it was a dwarf, with an old withered face, and a snow-white beard an ell long at least. The end of his beard had been fast caught in a split in the tree, and the little creature jumped about like a little dog at the end of a string, and knew not how to help himself.

He glared at the little girls with fiery red eyes and screamed, "Why do you stand staring there instead of coming to help me?"

"What have you been doing, little man?" asked Rose-red.

"You silly, prying goose," answered the dwarf; if you must know, I was splitting the tree to get some small pieces of wood for the kitchen. The large logs which you use would burn up our food in no time; we don't need to cook such a quantity as you great greedy folk. I had just driven the wedge firmly in and everything seemed right enough, when it slipped on the smooth wood, and popped out, so that the tree closed up in a second, catching my beautiful white beard as it did so; and now I cannot get it out again, and you foolish, milk-faced creatures stand and laugh at me. Oh, how horrid you are!"

The children tried with all their might to help the old man, but they could not loosen his beard, and so Rose-red said she would run and fetch someone to help them.

"You stupid things!" snarled the dwarf. "Why go and fetch others when you are two too many already? Can't you think of something better than that?"

"Have patience," said Snow-white. "I know what to do." And drawing her scissors from her pocket she cut off the end of the old man's beard.

As soon as the dwarf was free he grabbed at a bag of gold which was hidden amongst the roots of the tree, threw it across his shoulders, and grumbled out, "What clumsy folk, to be sure—to cut off a piece of my beautiful beard! Bad luck to you!" and then, without so much as a word of thanks to the children, away he went.

Some time afterwards Snow-white and Rose-red went to catch a dish of fish, and as they neared the brook they saw something that looked like a grasshopper, hopping along towards the water. They ran towards it, and soon recognized the dwarf.

"What are you doing?" said Rose-red; "surely you don't want to jump into the water?"

"I'm not quite such an idiot as that," shrieked the dwarf. "Can't you see that the horrid fish is pulling me in?"

The little man had been sitting fishing, when unfortunately the wind entangled his beard with the fishing-line. Just at that moment a large fish took the bait, and the little weak creature was not strong enough to pull it out, so the fish had the upper hand and was drawing the dwarf into the water. It is true that he clutched at the grass and rushes as he went along, but it was all in vain, and he was forced to follow every movement of the fish, so that he was in danger of being drowned.

The children came just at the right moment. They held the little man fast and tried to disentangle the line, but they could not do so, and at last there was nothing for it but to bring out the scissors and snip a little piece off of the beard.

The dwarf was very angry when he saw what they had done.

"Is it good manners," he yelled, "to spoil a person's face like that, you toads?" Not content with having shortened my beard, you must now cut the best part out of it. May you go barefoot all your days for your pains!"

Then he seized a bag of pearls which lay hidden in the reeds, marched off without another word, and disappeared behind a stone.

It happened that soon afterwards the mother sent her two little girls into town to buy needles and thread, laces and ribbons. Their way led them across a piece of land where great rocks lay scattered about.

There they saw a huge bird hovering in the air above them. Lower and lower it sank, until at last it settled upon a rock close by, and immediately they heard a piercing shriek. They hurried towards the sound, and saw, to their horror, that the eagle had seized upon their old acquaintance the dwarf, and was carrying him off. The kind-hearted children at once took hold of the little man, and held him with might and main, so that the eagle was obliged to give up its prey. As soon as the dwarf had recovered from his fright he cried, in his rasping voice, "Could you not have been a little more careful? See, you have torn my delicate coat, so that it is all in rags. Stupid, clumsy creatures that you are!"

Then he took up a bag full of precious stones, and slipped down into his den beneath the rock.

The children were used to his ingratitude, so they just went on their way and did their marketing in the town.

On their way home they again met the dwarf. He had emptied his sack of precious stones upon a smooth place, little thinking to be surprised by anyone at such a late hour. The evening sun shone upon the glistening heap of gems, and made them sparkle and flash so prettily that the children stood still to look at them.

"Why do you stand gaping there?" screamed the dwarf, his ashen face crimson with wrath. He would have continued to scold but at that moment loud growls were heard, and a big black bear came shambling out of the wood.

In terror the dwarf sprang towards his cave, but the bear was too near, and he could not reach it. Then he cried, in his despair, "Dear Mr. Bear, spare me, I pray you, and I will give you all my treasures. Look at these precious stones: they shall all be yours if only you will spare my life. I am such a little fellow you would scarcely feel me between your teeth, but here are these two wicked girls—take them and eat them; you will find them tender morsels, and as fat as young quails."

The bear took no heed of his words, but gave the wicked little creature one stroke with his paws, and he never moved again.

The two girls began to run away, but the bear now called to them, "Snow-white, Rose-red, do not be afraid. If you will wait for me I will come with you."

They recognized his voice at once, and stood still, and as the bear came up to them his fur coat suddenly fell off, and he stood there, a fine handsome man, dressed all in shining gold.

"I am a King's son," he said, "and I was condemned by the wicked dwarf, who had stolen all my treasures, to become a bear and run wild in the woods, until I should be released by his death. He has now received his well-earned reward."

Shortly afterwards the disenchanted Prince married little Snow-white, whilst Rose-red was betrothed to his brother, and

they divided between them all the beautiful treasures which the dwarf had collected in his cave.

The poor old mother went to live with her dear children, and took with her the two rose-trees from her garden. These she planted close to her window, and every year they were covered with the most beautiful red and white roses that ever were seen.

Section IX.

The first three selections for this month are found in "White's School Management." They are copyrighted and will have to be read to the pupils from the original text.

The selection entitled "Please," is taken from Alice Aspinwall's "Can You Believe Me?" published by The E. P. Dutton Company, Indianapolis, Ind.; price \$1.50. The copyright on it prevents us from reproducing it herein.

"Four-footed Gentlemen." See Ethics for Children, page 28.

SECOND GRADE.

Section X.

"Baby." See Ethics for Children, page 33.

"Child Life," by Whittier. Publishers, Houghton, Mifflin Co., Chicago; price \$1.50.

"A Brave Baby," by Sara Wiltse, is a copyrighted production published by Ginn and Company, Chicago; price 50c.

"St. Francis of Assisi." See Ethics for Children, page 35.

Section XI.

Follow instructions in the Course of Study.

Section XII.

"The Wheat Field."

"Margaret of Orleans." See Ethics for Children, page 39.

THE WHEAT-FIELD.

Some children were set to reap in a wheat-field. The wheat was yellow as gold, the sun shone gloriously, and the butterflies flew hither and thither. Some of the children worked better, and some worse; but there was one who ran here and there after the butterflies that fluttered about his head, and sang as he ran.

By and by evening came, and the Angel of the wheat-field called to the children and said, "Come now to the gate, and bring your sheaves with you."

So the children came, bringing their sheaves. Some had great piles laid close and even, so that they might carry more; some had theirs laid large and loose, so that they looked more than they were; but one, the child that had run to and fro after the butterflies, came empty-handed.

The Angel said to this child, "Where are your sheaves?"

The child hung his head. "I do not know!" he said. "I had some, but I have lost them, I know not how."

"None enter here without sheaves," said the Angel.

"I know that," said the child. "But I thought I would like to see the place where the others were going; besides, they would not let me leave them."

Then all the other children cried out together. One said, "Dear Angel, let him in! In the morning I was sick, and this child came and played with me, and showed me the butterflies, and I forgot my pain. Also, he gave me one of his sheaves, and I would give it to him again, but I cannot tell it now from my own."

Another said, "Dear Angel, let him in! At noon the sun beat on my head so fiercely that I fainted and fell down like one dead; and this child came running by, and when he saw me he brought water to revive me, and then he showed me the butterflies, and was so glad and merry that my strength returned, to me also he gave one of his sheaves, and I would give it to him again, but it is so like my own that I cannot tell it."

And a third said, "Just now, as evening was coming, I was weary and sad, and had so few sheaves that it seemed

hardly wotrh my while to go on working; but this child comforted me, and showed me the butterflies, and gave me of his sheaves. Look! it may be that this was his; and yet I cannot tell, it is so like my own."

And all the children said, "We also had sheaves from him, dear Angel; let him in, we pray you!"

The Angel smiled, and reached his hand inside the gate and brought out a pile of sheaves; it was not large, but the glory of the sun was on it, so that it seemed to lighten the whole field.

"Here are his sheaves!" said the Angel. "They are known and counted, every one." and he said to the child, "Lead the way in!"

Section XIII.

"The Lamb," by William Blake. See Ethics for Children, page 42.

Section XIV.

The Course of Study tells where most of the material for this month may be secured.

The "Story of Joseph," abridged and adapted.

THE STORY OF JOSEPH.

Joseph, being seventeen years old, was feeding the flock with his brethren. Isreal (Jacob) loved Joseph more than all his children. And when his brethren saw that their father loved him more than all the others, they hated him and would not speak peaceably unto him.

And his brethren went to feed their father's flock in Shechem. Isreal said unto Joseph: "Do not they brethren feed the flock in Shechem? Come and I will send thee unto them."

"Go! I pray thee; see whether it be well with thy brethren, and well with the flocks; and bring me word again."

So he sent him out of the vale of Hebron, and he came to Shechem. A certain man found him wandering in the field and the man asked him, "What seekest thou?"

Joseph said: "I seek my brethren: tell me, I pray thee, where they feed their flocks."

The man said: "They are departed hence; for I heard them say, 'Let us go to Dothan.'"

So Joseph went after his brethren and found them in Dothan. And when they saw him afar off, they conspired against him to slay him.

And when he was come unto his brethren, they stripped him out of his coat of many colors and cast him into a pit. The pit was empty. There was no water in it.

Then they sat down to eat bread; and when they lifted up their eyes, they saw a company of Ishmeelites coming from Gilead with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh down into Egypt.

Judah said unto his brethren: "What profit is it if we slay our brother and conceal his blood? Let us sell him to the Ishmeelites."

And his brethren were content.

So they lifted him up out of the pit and sold him to the Ishmeelites for twenty pieces of silver. The Ishmeelites brought him into Egypt.

Joseph's brother, Reuben, did not see his brethren take him out of the pit. After awhile, Reuben returned unto the pit; and behold, Joseph was not there. So he rent his clothes and returned unto his brethren and said unto them: "The child is not! And I! Whither shall I go?"

Then, they, in order to cover up their crime, took Joseph's coat which they had seized from him, and killed a kid of the goats, and dipped the coat into the blood. They then brought it to their father and said: "This have we found. Be it thy son's coat?"

Israel knew it. He said: "It is my son's coat. An evil beast hath devoured him. Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces."

And Jacob (Israel) rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days. All his

sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him; but he refused to be comforted. He said, "I will go down into the grave mourning for my son."

The Ishmeelites brought Joseph down to Egypt; and Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh, captain of the guard and an Egyptian, bought him of them. This made twice that the lad had been sold.

And the Lord was with Joseph, and he was a prosperous man. His master saw that the Lord was with him, so he made him overseer of all that he had. The Lord blessed the Egyptian's house for Joseph's sake.

Finally, Pharaoh became jealous of Joseph, so he thrust him into prison, where he remained for two years.

Then Pharaoh had a dream. No one could interpret it. The Keeper of the prison told him that the Hebrew, Joseph, could interpret dreams. So Pharaoh sent for Joseph. They brought him hastily out of the dungeon. He shaved himself, changed his raiment and came unto Pharaoh. The latter repeated his dream to Joseph in detail.

Joseph answered and said: "The dream of Pharaoh is one. God hath shewed Pharaoh what he is about to do.

"The seven good kine are seven years,

"The seven good ears are seven years,

"The seven thin and ill-favoured kine are seven years,

"The seven empty ears, blasted with the east wind, shall be seven years.

"Behold, there come seven years of great plenty throughout all the land of Egypt; then there shall arise after them, seven years of famine. It is because the thing is established by God, and God will shortly bring it to pass."

Pharaoh said unto Joseph: "Forasmuch as God hath shewed thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou art. Thou shalt be over my house, and according to thy word shall all my people be ruled: only in the throne will I be greater than thou."

And Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand and put it onto Joseph's hand; and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck; and made him to ride in the second chariot which he had.

Joseph was now thirty years old. Pharaoh gave him for a wife Asenath, daughter of the Priest of On. And unto them were born two sons. The first one they named Manasseh, and the second one Ephraim.

During the seven plenteous years, the earth brought forth by handfuls. Joseph gathered up all the food of these seven years into Egypt.

When the seven years of dearth began to come, the famine was over all the face of the earth; and all countries came into Egypt to buy corn.

Now, when Jacob saw that there was corn in Egypt, he said unto his sons: "Why do you look one upon the other? Get ye down thither, and buy for us from thence, that we may live and not die."

So Joseph's ten brethren went down to buy corn in Egypt. They left his youngest brother, Benjamin, at home, for Jacob had said, "Lest peradventure mischief befall him."

And Joseph saw his brethren, and he knew them, but he made himself strange unto them. They knew him not.

He spake unto them saying: "Ye are spies. Hereby ye shall be proved. By the life of Pharaoh, ye shall not go forth hence, except your youngest brother come hither. Send one of you, and let him fetch your brother, and ye shall be kept in prison that your words may be proven, whether there be any truth."

And Joseph said unto them the third day: "This do, and live; for I fear God. If ye be true men, let one of your brethren be bound in the house of your prison. But bring your youngest brother unto me; so shall your words be verified, and ye shall not die."

They did so, and they said one to another: "We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear." (This was when he was in the pit.)

And they knew not that Joseph understood them, for he spake to them by an interpreter.

And he turned himself about from them and wept; and returned to them again, and communed with them; and he

took from them Simeon and he bound him before their eyes.

Then Joseph commanded his servants to fill the sacks of his brethren with corn, and to restore every man's money into his sack, and to give them provision for the way.

And they came unto Jacob and told him all that befell them.

Jacob said unto them: "Me have ye bereaved of my children: Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away."

Then Reuben spake unto his father, saying: "Slay my two sons, if I bring him not to thee. Deliver him into my hands, and I will bring him to thee again."

And it came to pass, when they had eaten up all the corn which they had brought out of Egypt, their father said unto them, "Go again, buy us a little food."

Judah said: "The man did solemnly protest unto us, saying, 'Ye shall not see my face, except your brother be with you.' If thou wilt send our brother with us, we will go down and buy thee food; but if thou wilt not send him we will not go!"

And their father said unto them: "If it must be so, do this: Take of the best fruits of the land in your vessels and carry down the man a present. Take also your brother; and God Almighty give you mercy before the man that he may send you away with your other brother, and Benjamin."

The men took the present and Benjamin and rose up and went down to Egypt, and stood before Joseph. And when Joseph saw Benjamin, he said to the ruler of his house: "Bring these men home, and slay and make ready, for they shall dine with me at noon."

He did as Joseph bade him and brought the men into Joseph's house, and gave them water, and they washed their feet.

And when Joseph came home, he asked them of their welfare, saying: "Is your father well, the old man of whom ye spake? Is he yet alive?"

They answered: "Thy servant, our father, is in good health; he is yet alive."

Joseph lifted up his eyes and saw his brother, Benjamin;

and he said: "Is this your younger brother?"

Then he entered into his chamber and wept there. He washed his face and went out and refrained himself, and said, "Set on bread."

And he took and sent messes unto them; but Benjamin's mess was five times as much as any of the others. And they drank and were merry with him.

Joseph could not refrain himself any longer; so he cried: "Cause every man to go from me (except his brethren)." "Then he made himself known unto them. He wept aloud, and said unto his brethren: "I am Joseph. Doth my father yet live?"

And his brethren could not answer him, for they were troubled in his presence.

Then Joseph said unto them: "Come near me, I pray you; I am Joseph, your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. Now, therefore, be ye not grieved nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither; for God did send me before you to preserve life. For these two years hath the famine been in the land; and yet there are five years in which there shall be neither earning nor harvest. God sent me before you to preserve you a posterity in the earth, and to save your lives by a great deliverance. So now it was not you that sent me hither, but God; and he hath made me a father to Pharaoh, and the lord of all his house, and a ruler throughout all the land of Egypt. Haste ye! and go up to my father and say unto him, 'Thus saith thy son, Joseph, God hath made me lord of all Egypt; come down unto me, tarry not!' "

And he fell upon his brother, Benjamin's neck and wept; and Benjamin wept upon his neck. Moreover, he kissed all his brethren, and wept over them. And after that his brethren talked with him.

Pharaoh, when he found it out, said unto Joseph: "Say unto thy brethren: 'Lade your beasts and go and get you unto the land of Canaan; and take your father and your households and come unto me. Ye shall eat the fat of the land.' "

And the Children of Israel did so. Joseph gave them wagons and provision for the way. He also gave each man

changes of raiment; but to Benjamin he gave three hundred pieces of silver and five changes of raiment.

And they went out of Egypt and came into the land of Canaan, unto Jacob, their father, and said to him: "Joseph is yet alive, and he is governor over all the land of Egypt."

Jacob's heart fainted, for he believed them not.

They told him what Joseph had said unto them; and when he saw the wagons which Joseph had sent to carry him, his spirit revived, and he said: "It is enough. Joseph, my son, is yet alive: I will go and see him before I die."

And Israel took his journey with all that he had. Joseph made ready his chariot and went as far as Goshen to meet him. He presented himself unto his father, then fell on his neck and wept a good while.

Israel said unto Joseph: "Now let me die! since I have seen thy face."

And the time drew nigh when Israel must die. He called Joseph unto him and said, "I pray thee bury me not in Egypt. But let me lie with my fathers. Bury me in their burying place."

And it came to pass after these things that one said to Joseph, "Behold, thy father is sick." So he took his two sons and went to see Jacob who strengthened himself and sat upon the bed.

Jacob said: "Ephraim and Manasseh who were born unto thee before I came into the land of Egypt, are mine. The angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads; and let my name be named on them, and the same of my fathers, Abraham and Isaac; and let them grow into a multitude in the midst of the earth."

Then Israel said unto Joseph: "Behold, I die." He had lived in the land of Egypt seventeen years, and he was now one hundred forty-seven years old.

Joseph fell upon his father's face and wept over him and kissed him. Then, he had the physicians embalm his father, and the Egyptians mourned for him threescore and ten days.

After that his sons carried him into the land of Canaan and buried him in a cave in the field of Machpelah, which

Abraham had bought from Ephron, the Hittite, for a burying place.

Then Joseph, and his brethren and all that were with him, returned into Egypt.

Joseph lived one hundred ten years. Then he died, and they embalmed him and he was put in a coffin in Egypt.

Section XV.

"Life of Washington," and "Life of Lincoln," Educator Supply Co., Mitchell, S. D.; price of each 5c. postage 2c. These biographies usually appear also in various forms in nearly every school library.

Section XVI.

"The Pinks," called for in this section, is taken from "Children's Classics No. 2," by George Alexander; published by the Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind., It is protected by copyright and will have to be secured from the publishers.

Section XVII.

The work for this month is outlined in the course of Study.

Section XVIII.

FIVE PEAS.

(A Story in Two Parts.)

PART I. IN AND OUT OF THE POD.

There were once five peas in one shell; they were green and the shell was green, so they believed that the whole world was green also, which was a very natural conclusion. The shell grew, and the peas grew; they accommodated themselves to their position, and sat all in a row. The sun shone without

and warmed the shell, and the rain made it clear and transparent; It was mild and agreeable in broad daylight, and dark at night; and the peas, as they sat there, grew bigger and bigger and more thoughtful as they mused, for they felt that there must be something for them to do.

"Are we to sit here forever?" asked one. "Shall we not become hard by sitting so long? It seems to me there must be something outside, and I feel sure of it."

As weeks passed by, the peas became yellow, and the shell became yellow.

"All the world is turning yellow, I suppose," said they; and perhaps they were right.

Suddenly they felt a pull at the shell; it was torn off, and held in human hands, then slipped into the pocket of a jacket in company with other full pods.

"Now we shall soon be opened," said one—just what they all wanted.

"I would like to know which one of us will travel farthest," said the smallest of the five; "we shall soon see now."

"What is to happen will happen," said the largest pea.

"Crack," went the shell as it burst, and the five peas rolled out into the bright sunshine. There they lay in a child's hand. A little boy was holding them tightly and said they were fine peas for his pea shooter. Immediately he put one in and shot it out.

PART II. THE AWAKENING OF ONE PEA.

Up in an attic lived a poor woman, who went out to clean stoves, chop wood into small pieces, and perform other hard work, for she was strong and industrious. Yet she remained always poor; and at home in the attic lay her only daughter, not quite grown up, and very delicate and weak. For a whole year she had kept her bed. Quietly and patiently she lay all day long, while her mother was away from home at her work.

Spring came, and one morning the sun shone brightly through the little window and threw its rays over the floor of the room. Just as the mother was going to her work, the sick

girl fixed her eyes on the lowest pane of the window. "Mother!" she exclaimed, "what can that little green thing be that peeps in at the window? It is moving in the wind."

The mother stepped to the window and opened it. "Oh!" she said, "there is actually a little pea which has in some way fallen into a little crack filled with soft earth. It has taken root and is putting forth its green leaves. Where could it have come from? Well, now, here is a little garden for you to amuse yourself with." So the bed of the sick girl was drawn nearer to the window, that she might see the budding plant; and the mother went out to her work.

"Mother, I believe I shall get well," said the sick child in the evening; "the sun shone in here so bright and warm to-day, and the little green pea is thriving so well. I shall get better too and go out into the warm sunshine again."

"God grant it!" said the mother, though she did not believe it would be so. But she propped up with a little stick the green plant which had given her child such pleasant hopes of life, so that it might not be broken by the wind; she tied a piece of string to the window-sill and to the upper part of the frame, so that the pea tendrils might twine around it when it shot up. And it did shoot up; indeed it might almost be seen to grow from day to day.

"Really, here is a flower coming," said the mother one morning; and now at last she began to encourage the hope that her little sick daughter might recover. She remembered that for some time the child had spoken more cheerfully, and during the last few days had raised herself in the bed in the morning to look with sparkling eyes at her little garden which contained only a single pea-plant. A week after, the invalid sat up a whole hour, feeling quite happy by the open window in the warm sunshine, while outside grew the little plant, and on it a pink pea-blossom in full bloom. The little maiden bent down and gently kissed the delicate leaves. This day was to her like a festival.

"Our Heavenly Father Himself has planted that pea, and made it grow and flourish to bring joy to you and hope to me, my blessed child!" said the happy mother; and she smiled at the flower, as if it had been an angel from God.

And when the young maiden stood at the open window, with sparkling eyes and the rosy glow of health on her cheeks, she folded her thin hands over the pea-blossom and thanked God for what He had done.—Hans Christian Andersen.

THIRD GRADE.

Section XIX.

“The Sailor Man.”

“The Boy on the Farm,” by Clifton Johnson. His books are published by The Macmillan Company, and by the T. Y. Crowell Co.—both of New York.

THE SAILOR MAN .

Once upon a time two children came to the house of a sailor man, who lived beside the salt sea; and they found the sailor man sitting in his doorway knotting ropes.

“How do you do?” asked the sailor man.

“We are very well, thank you,” said the children, who had learned manners, “and we hope you are the same. We heard that you had a boat, and we thought that perhaps you would take us out in her, and teach us how to sail, for that is what we wish most to know.”

“All in good time,” said the sailor man. “I am busy now but by and by, when my work is done, I may perhaps take one of you if you are ready to learn. Meantime, here are some ropes that need knotting; you might be doing that, since it has to be done.” And he showed them how the knots should be tied, and went away and left them .

When he was gone the first child ran to the widow and looked out.

“There is the sea,” he said. “The waves come up on the beach, almost to the door of the house. They run up all white, like prancing horses, and then they go dragging back. Come and look!”

“I cannot,” said the second child. “I am tying a knot.”

“Oh!” cried the first child, “I see the boat. She is

dancing like a lady at a ball; I never saw such a beauty. Come and look!"

"I cannot," said the second child. "I am tying a knot."

"I shall have a delightful sail in that boat," said the first child. "I expect that the sailor man will take me, because I am the eldest and I know more about it. There was no need of my watching when he showed you the knots, because I know how already."

Just then the sailor man came in.

"Well," he said, "my work is over. What have you been doing in the meantime?"

"I have been looking at the boat," said the first child. "What a beauty she is! I shall have the best time in her that I ever had in my life."

"I have been tying knots," said the second child.

"Come, then," said the sailor man, and he held out his hands to the second child. "I will take you out in the boat, and teach you to sail her."

"But I am the eldest," cried the first child "and I know a great deal more than she does.

"That may be," said the sailor man; "but a person must learn to tie a knot before he can learn to sail a boat."

"But I have learned to tie a knot," cried the first child. "I know all about it!"

"How can I tell that?" said the sailor man.

Section XX.

"The Princess and the Ball," and "Gold in the Orchard," are both found in "Stories to Tell Children," by Sara C. Bryant; publishers, Houghton, Mifflin Co., Chicago. They are protected by copyright, and the publishers refuse to give permission for their reproduction.

Section XXI.

"The Quails." See Ethics, page 71.

Section XXII.

STORY OF ADAM AND EVE.

After God had formed the heavens and the earth, there was no man to till the soil, and to cultivate the trees and herbs; so He created a man out of the dust of the earth, and named him Adam. Then He found that the man was lonesome, so He caused a deep sleep to fall upon him; removed one of his ribs, and from it created for him a helpmeet whom Adam named Eve (The mother of all living.)

These two were the first people upon the earth. God placed them in the Garden in Eden, with plenty to eat and drink. He told them that they might eat fruit from any of the trees they desired, except from the Tree of Knowledge. This one He pointed out to them, with instructions to leave it alone.

While God was away, Eve, tempted by a serpent, partook of the fruit of the forbidden tree. Then she gave Adam some of it to eat. Presently the Lord returned. "And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day: and Adam and his wife hid themselves."

The Lord called unto Adam and said, "Where art thou?"

Adam came forth and said: "I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid."

God then asked him, "Hast thou eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldest not eat?"

Adam answered: "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat."

God said to Eve, "What is this that thou hast done?"

She replied, "The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat."

God then declared: "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow
* * * Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee."

To Adam, He said: "Because thou hast harkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree of which I commanded thee, saying, 'Thou shalt not eat of it; cursed is the ground for thy sake: in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life. Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee, and thou shalt eat the herb of the field. In the sweat

of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return unto the ground, for out of it wast thou taken; for dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return."

Then God drove them both out of the Garden of Eden and placed at the gate "Cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life."

Thus Adam and Eve were punished all their lives for their disobedience.

Section XXIII.

For this month's work, see James Baldwin's books, as suggested by the Course of Study. They are published by the American Book Company. Most school libraries have a generous supply of them.

Section XXIV.

"Up From Slavery," by Booker T. Washington. See Ethics for Children, page 78.

Section XXV.

BIOGRAPHY OF GEORGE STEPHENSON.

George Stephenson, an English engineer and inventor, commonly known as the "founder of railways," was born at Wylam, near Newcastle, Eng., in 1781. His early boyhood was spent on a farm. His father was fireman in a colliery. George finally became assistant to his father. This gave him a chance to get a practical education. Then he began to repair clocks. Finally he became an engineer. Later, he invented a miner's safety lamp.

His attention was finally attracted to the experiments with locomotives being made by Blackett and Hedley. He induced the owners of the Killingworth Collieries to undertake the construction of a locomotive. He made the designs

for it and supervised its construction. It was not a success. It was found that the engines being made by Blackett and Hedley were superior to his. Stephenson then tried again, with better success. Finally the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company in 1829 offered a prize for the best engine in a competitive test. Stephenson built a special design for this occasion, and he won first prize on it. He called it the "Rocket". This same railway company then ordered of the Stephensons (George and his son Robert) several more engines made after the fashion of the Rocket.

Stephenson finally became chief consulting engineer for all of the railways in the country. He was made president of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers. His successful development of the locomotive gives him rank as one of the foremost engineers of the nineteenth century. He had devoted his life to the successful completion of a single enterprise. This is a foundation of success for every boy. He must somehow find out what he is best adapted for, and then stick to it until victory comes.

Section XXVI.

"Climbing Alone." See Ethics for Children, page 81.

Section XXVII.

The source of the information for this month may be found in the Course of Study.

FOURTH GRADE.

Section XXVIII.

"David and Jonathan."

"The Choice of Hercules." See Ethics for Children, page 92.

STORY OF DAVID AND JONATHAN.

(Paraphrased and adapted by O. W. Coursey.)

The friendship of David and Jonathan which for centuries has been world-renowned, can best be understood by going briefly over the circumstances which led up to its formation.

The Philistines and the Israelites were preparing for a decisive battle. The two armies were encamped on upland divides separated by a beautiful valley between, called Elah. The Philistines were headed by a giant named Goliath; the Israelites were commanded by King Saul.

There was in Judea at that time a prominent man named Jesse. He had four sons. The three eldest, named Eliab, Abinadab and Shammah, had joined King Saul's army. Their father sent the youngest boy, named David, to take food to his brothers who were at the front. When he arrived, he, too, joined the military forces of Saul.

While David stood with the battle line telling his brothers what his father had told him to tell them, the leader of the Philistines (the giant named Goliath) came out in front of his command and challenged any of the Israelites to fight. They all became scared and ran away.

Then David spoke up and said: "What shall be done to the man that killeth this Philistine?"

David's eldest brother, Eliab, became enangered at him for having come up into the heat of the conflict, and he reprimanded him as follows: "Why camest thou down thither? and with whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? I know thy pride and the naughtiness of thine heart; for thou art come down that thou mightest see the battle."

And David replied: "What have I now done? Is there not a cause?"

Then King Saul sent for David. He came up, and during their conversation he said to Saul: "Let no man's heart fail because of him; I will go and fight with this Philistine."

Saul said to him: "Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him; for thou art but a youth, and he is a man of war from his youth.

David answered: "Thy servant kept his father's sheep

and there came a lion and a bear and took a lamb out of the flock; and I went out after him and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth; and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard and smote him and slew him. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear. * * * The Lord delivered me out of the paw of the lion and out of the paw of the bear; he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine."

Saul said to him: "Go! and the Lord be with thee!"

David took his staff in his hand; also his sling-shot. Then he selected five smooth stones out of a brook near by. And the Philistine came out and drew near to David.

When he saw David, he disdained him, for he was but a youth. He said unto David: "Am I a dog that thou comest to me with staves? Come to me and I will give thy flesh to the fowls of the air and unto the beasts of the field."

David said to him: "Thou comest to me with a sword, and a spear, and with a shield; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel. This day I will smite thee and take thine head from thee."

Then they began to come close together for the fight, while the two armies looked on. The Philistine walked slowly, keeping his eye on the boy. David started to run toward him. He slipped one of the five stones into his sling-shot, gave it a mighty whirl and drove the stone forward with terrific force. It struck Goliath in the center of his forehead and crushed a hole in his skull. He fell prostrate on the ground. David rushed upon him, seized Goliath's sword, cut the latter's head off and carried it back with him into the Israelite's lines. When the Philistines saw that their champion was dead, they fled.

When Saul saw David go forth against the Philistine, he said to Abner, one of his captains, "Inquire thou whose son the stripling is."

And as David returned from the slaughter of the Philistine, Abner took him and brought him before Saul, with the Philistine's head in his hand.

Saul asked him: "Whose son art thou?"

David answered, "I am the son of Jesse, the Bethlehemite."

Saul had a son of his own named Jonathan. He saw

David slay Goliath. It was this act of heroism on David's part that commanded the respect of Jonathan and formed the basis of the friendship between them; for, the Bible states: "When he (David) had made an end of speaking unto Saul, the soul of Jonathan became knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul."

After the battle Saul and David passed together through some of the cities. As they rode along, the women came out and sang and danced. In one of their songs they sang:

"Saul has slain his thousands,
And David his tens of thousands."

This made King Saul angry and he grew jealous of David, so he sought to slay him. The next day, while David was playing on the harp for Saul, the latter thrust a javelin at him twice in an effort to kill him, but each time David stepped aside quickly and dodged it.

Then Saul told David if he would go out again and fight the Philistines and kill one hundred of them that he would give him his daughter, Michal, for a wife. David went promptly and engaged them in battle. He slew hundreds of them. When he returned from the fight, Saul kept his word and gave him his daughter, Michal, to wed, and she at once became David's devoted wife.

Saul saw that the Lord was with David, so he commanded Jonathan and all of his servants to slay him. But Jonathan loved David, so he told him everything that his father had said, and advised him to go into some secret place and hide himself.

Then Jonathan went to his father, Saul, and asked him not to harm David. He told Saul to consider what David had done for him. He had slain Goliath, and then in a subsequent battle he had been very brave and had slain a large number of Philistines and won a great victory. Finally, Saul repented and promised not to kill David, whereupon Jonathan so advised David and he at once came forth from his place of hiding.

Again the Israelites and the Philistines became engaged in war, and once more David led the Israelites against them and won another splendid victory. This made the Israelites

love him all the more. So Saul became more jealous of him than ever, and again while David was playing the harp before him (for he was a fine harpist) Saul thrust his javelin at him in an effort to pin him to the wall; but David was on the watch for him, and he stepped nimbly to one side and the dagger passed him. That night, when it became dark, David fled.

Saul sent messengers to David's house to watch him that he might not escape, and to kill him at the first opportunity. David's wife found it all out; so she said to her husband: "If thou save not thy life tonight, tomorrow thou shalt be slain." "Therefore, she let him down through a window which Saul's men could not see, and he made his escape.

Meanwhile, Saul fearing that David might escape, had ordered his messengers to go inside and to seize David and slay him. Michal, David's wife, had anticipated this move; therefore, after she let David down out of the window, she made an image and put it in the bed where he had lain. The soldiers found this image, and they reported it to Saul, and he became very angry at his daughter.

David fled to Ramah where Samuel lived. Saul's men followed him. Then he went to Naioth. Here they followed him again. From there he went to a secret place where he met Jonathan, his firm friend, and said to him: "What have I done? What is my sin that Saul seeketh to kill me?" Jonathan replied that he did not know that his father was seeking to kill David. He promised David he would protect him against his father's wrath.

The next day Saul had arranged for a big feast. Jonathan and David arranged that David should not attempt to be present; and if Saul asked where he was Jonathan would say that he had permitted David to go to Bethléhem to see his parents who lived in the little village where Christ was afterward born. Jonathan said if his father showed signs of anger at this, he, himself, would then know that Saul was seeking to kill David.

David was somewhat skeptical about the arrangement, and he asked who would tell him what the disposition of Saul was toward him. Jonathan suggested a plan which was

adopted. He said: "Tomorrow is the new moon, and thou shalt be missed, for thy place will be empty. And when thou hast staid three days (in the field they had selected), then thou shalt go down quickly * * * and remain by the stone, Ezel. I will shoot three arrows on the side thereof, as though I had shot at a mark. And, behold, I will send a lad, saying, 'Go, find the arrows.' If I expressly say to the lad, 'Behold, the arrows are on this side of thee, take them,' then come thou: for there is peace to thee, and the Lord liveth. But if I say, 'Behold, the arrows are beyond thee,' go thy way, for the Lord hath sent thee away."

The first day of the feast, Saul said nothing about David's empty chair; but the second day, he asked Jonathan about it. Jonathan told him that David had gone to see his father. Saul became angered and rebuked Jonathan for loving David. He chided him that he, Jonathan, would never become king unless David were killed.

Jonathan asked: "Why shall he be put to death? What harm hath he done?"

Then Saul cast his javelin at his son Jonathan and tried to kill him; but Jonathan escaped the blow. This made him very angry, so he left the table and refused to eat.

The next day was the one on which David was to appear at the rock, Ezel, to watch for the arrows and to listen to the conversation between Jonathan and the boy that he was to bring with him to gather up the arrows. Jonathan appeared at the time he had stated. He sent the lad on ahead of him to find the arrows that he would shoot.

Then, he shot an arrow. It passed over the lad. He called to the boy: "The arrow is beyond thee; make haste; stay not."

David heard the words; he understood their awful meaning.

Jonathan told the lad to take the arrows and go back to the city. As soon as the boy had gone, Jonathan made his way forward to the rock where he beheld David. They embraced each other and kissed each other and wept.

Then said Jonathan to David: "Go in peace; forasmuch as we have sworn both of us in the name of the Lord, saying,

'The Lord be between me an thee, and between my seed and thy seed forever.' "Then they parted forever—Jonathan to fall with his father on the field of battle, and David to become king of Judea. Later, King David lamented the loss of his friend Jonathan as follows:

"I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan,
Very pleasant hast thou been unto me:
Thy love to me was wonderful,
Passing the love of woman."

Section XXIX.

A LEAK IN THE DYKE.

A leak in the dike! The stoutest heart
Grows faint that cry to hear,
And the bravest man in all the land
Turns white with mortal fear.
For he knows the smallest leak may grow
To a flood in a single night;
And he knows the strength of the cruel sea
When loosed in its angry might.

And the boy! He has seen the danger,
And shouting a wild alarm,
He forces back the weight of the sea
With the strength of his single arm!
He listened for the joyful sound
Of a footstep passing nigh;
And lays his ear to the ground, to catch
The answer to his cry.
And he hears the rough winds blowing,
And the waters rise and fall,

But never an answer comes to him,
Save the echo of his call.
He sees no hope, no succor,
His feeble voice is lost:
Yet what shall he do but watch and wait,
Though he perish at his post.

So, faintly calling and crying
Till the sun is under the sea;
Crying and moaning till the stars
Come out for company;
He thinks of his brother and sister,
Asleep in their safe warm bed;
He thinks of his father and mother;
Of himself, as dying and dead;
And of how, when the night is over,
They must come and find him at last;
But he never thinks he can leave the place,
Where duty holds him fast.

The good dame in the cottage
Is up and astir with the light,
For the thought of her little Peter
Has been with her all the night.
And now she watches the pathway,
As yester eve she had done;
But what does she see so strange and black
Against the rising sun?
Her neighbors are bearing between them
Something to her door;
Her child is coming home, but not
As he ever came before!

"He is dead!" she cries; "my darling!"
And the startled father hears,
And comes and looks the way she looks,
And fears the thing she fears;
Till a glad shout from the bearers
Thrills the sickened man and wife—
"Give thanks, for your son has saved our land,
And God has saved his life!"
And every head was bared and bent
In tearful reverent joy.

'Tis many a year since; but still,
When the sea roars like a flood,

Their boys are taught what a boy can do
Who is brave and true and good.
For every man in that country
Takes his son by the hand,
And tells him of little Peter,
Whose courage saved the land.

They have many a valiant hero,
Remembered through the years;
But never one whose name so oft
Is named with loving tears
And his deed shall be sung by the cradle,
And told to the child on the knee,
So long as the dikes of Holland
Divide the land from the sea!

Section XXX.

Follow the work outlined in Ethics for Children, as suggested in the Course of Study.

Section XXXI.

"St. Christopher." See Ethics for Children, page 100.

Section XXXII.

THE THREE BELLS.

Beneath the low-hung night cloud
That raked her splintered mast
The good ship settled slowly,
The cruel leak gained fast.

Over the awful ocean
Her signal guns pealed out.
Dear God! was that Thy answer
From the horror round about?

A voice came down the wild wind,
"Ho! ship ahoy!" its cry:
"Our stout Three Bells of Glasgow
Shall lay till daylight by!"

Hour after hour crept slowly,
Yet on the heaving swells
Tossed up and down the ship lights,
The lights of the Three Bells!

And ship to ship made signals,
Man answered back to man,
While oft, to cheer and hearten,
The Three Bells nearer ran;

And the captain from her taffrail
Sent down his hopeful cry:
"Take heart! Hold on!" he shouted!
"The Three Bells shall lay by!"

All night across the waters
The tossing lights shone clear;
All night from reeling taffrail
The Three Bells sent her cheer.

And when the dreary watches
Of storm and darkness passed,
Just as the wreck lurched under,
All souls were saved at last.

Sail on, Three Bells, forever,
In grateful memory sail!
Ring on, Three Bells of rescue,
Above the wave and gale!

Type of the Love eternal.
Repeat the Master's cry,
As tossing through our darkness
The lights of God draw nigh!

Section XXIII.

"The Junior Republic," referred to in this section, is a large volume published by D. Appleton & Co., New York City; price \$1.50.

Section XXXIV.

Read the story of the Good Samaritan as found in the Bible, and then repeat it orally to the children, using such additional illustrations of compassion as you may be able to collect.

Section XXXV.**STORY OF WILLIAM TELL.**

About five hundred years ago, Rudolph, Count of Hapsburg, owned some small possessions in Switzerland. He finally became emperor of Germany. When he died, his son, Albert I, inherited this estate. Albert was ambitious and wished to annex to the estate some of the forest cantons of Switzerland. The people living in these districts were quite content and did not desire the annexation. At this Albert became enraged, and he sent two petty tyrants—Gessler and Landenberg—to rule over them.

Gessler was a very vain man. He caused a pole to be erected in the market place at Altorf; placed a hat upon it, and then gave orders that every one passing it should salute the hat.

Among the liberty-loving people living in these forest cantons was an ambitious, independent young fellow named William Tell. One day he happened to pass through Altorf, and he saw the hat. The villagers told him what it was there for, whereupon, he grew angry and not only refused to salute the hat, but he treated it with supreme contempt.

As soon as Gessler found this out he ordered Tell to be brought before him. He then decreed that at the coming

festival Tell should shoot an apple off his own son's head, at quite a distance, with an arrow, or suffer immediate death.

On the day set for the undertaking, Gessler appeared in the market place, surrounded by his guards, and with much splendor and pomp. He promptly ordered Tell to be brought before him. The prisoner came in with a manly tread. He did not fear the outcome, for he was a celebrated shot with the bow and arrow. The throng was breathless with excitement when they saw him. He took his post. The boy was stationed a long way from him. The apple was placed upon his head. Tell seized his bow; pulled the string; took deliberate aim, and the arrow flew. It pierced the apple in the center and its two halves fell to the ground. The spectators went wild with joy.

Tell ran to his boy, caught him up in his arms, kissed the lad; and then turning to the insolent governor, Gessler, he said to him: "I have another arrow. Had my boy fallen, this one was intended for thee." This made Gessler very angry, and he ordered his soldiers to arrest Tell again, which they did.

Now the people were angry. Gessler feared they would make an attempt to release Tell, so he ordered him to be taken to Kussnach, a fortress on the opposite side of the lake. The governor embarked in the same boat, to see to it that his instructions were carried out.

While they were crossing the lake, a terrible storm ensued. The boat rocked and dipped water. It became apparent that all were going to be lost. Presently some one on board remembered that Tell was an expert pilot; so they suggested to the governor that Tell be released and placed at the helm where he might save them all.

This was done. Tell was familiar with the bank of the lake. He had strolled around it many times. So he steered the boat to a place where he could step ashore easily. This he did, and when he grabbed hold of the rock on shore, he gave the boat a kick and it floundered out into the lake again.

The storm, however, subsided, and those in the boat made their way to safety, landing at the same place where Tell had made his escape. They started to walk up a winding

road that led away from the lake. Presently, when they least expected it, Tell stepped out of the bushes along the roadside, with his bow in his hand, and shot Gessler dead.

Tell was joined by three men named Stauffacher, Melchthal and Furst. These patriots captured the other tyrant, Landenberg, and burned practically all of the military castles in Switzerland, and thus liberated their fatherland.

Today, a beautiful chapel stands on the bank of Lake Lucerne in Switzerland, in honor of William Tell on the spot where he made his way ashore, while the peasants of Altorf have erected to his memory a beautiful monument which stands in their village on the spot where the pole stood that carried the hat which Tell refused to salute.

STORY OF ARNOLD VON WINKELRIED.

Winkelried was a Swiss peasant. Away back in 1389—one hundred and twelve years before Columbus discovered America—the Austrians, under Duke Leopold, were struggling for possession of Switzerland. Winkelried was in the Swiss army that was opposing them. At the critical moment in the battle, when the Swiss were about to lose the fight, it is recorded that Arnold von Winkelried, the peasant, siezed ten spears of the enemy, pressed them into his breast, and then rushing forward, cried,

“Make way for Liberty!”

He made a breach in the Austrians lines, although he sacrificed himself. His comrades rushed forward and won a signal victory. James Montgomery has pictured the whole affair for us in verse as follows:

“Make way for liberty!” he cried;
Made way for liberty, and died!

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood!
A wall where every conscious stone
Seemed to its kindred thousands grown;

A rampart all assaults to bear,
Till time to dust their frame should wear;
A wood like that enchanted grove
In which with friends Rinaldo strove,
Where every silent tree possessed
A spirit prisoned in its breast,
Which the first stroke of coming strife
Would startle into hideous life:

So dense, so still, the Austrians stood,
A living wall, a human wood!
Impregnable their front appears,
All horrent with projected spears,
Whose polished points before them shine,
From flank to flank, one brilliant line,
Bright as the breakers' splendors run
Along the billows, to the sun.

Opposed to these, a hovering band
Contended for their native land:
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the ignoble yoke,
And forged their fetters into swords,
On equal terms to fight their lords;
And what insurgent rage had gained,
In many a mortal fray maintained:
Marshaled once more at Freedom's call,
They came to conquer or to fall,
Where he who conquered, he who fell,
Was deemed a dead or living Tell!
Such virtue had that patriot breathed,
So to the soil his soul bequeathed,
That wheresoe'er his arrows flew,
Heroes in his own likeness grew,
And warriors sprang from every sod
Which his awakening footstep trod.

And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;

The fire of conflict burned within,
The battle trembled to begin:
Yet while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for attack was nowhere found;
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed.
That line 'twere suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrants' feet;—
How could they rest within their graves,
And leave their homes the homes of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread
With clanging chains above their head?

It must not be: this day, this hour,
Annihilates the oppressor's power;
As Switzerland is in the field:
She will not fly, she cannot yield—
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the number she could boast;
But every freeman was a host,
And felt as though himself were he
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on "one," indeed:
Behold him—Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked, he stood amid the throng
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face;
And by the motion of his form
Anticipate the bursting storm;
And by the uplifting of his brow
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 'twas no sooner thought than done;
The field was in a moment won;—

"Make way for Liberty!" he cried:
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp.
"Make way for Liberty!" he cried:
Their keen points met from side to side;
He bowed amongst them like a tree,
And thus made way for Liberty.
Swift to the breach his comrades fly;
"Make way for Liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart:
While, instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic, scattered all;—
An earthquake cannot overthrow
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free;
Thus death made way for Liberty!

THE LION OF LUCERNE.

The Lion of Lucerne called for in this section is a memorial at Lucerne, Switzerland, in honor of 781 Swiss guards who fell on August 19, 1792, in defense of Louis XIV during the attack on the Tuileries.

The lion was designed by Thorwaldsen, and it is carved out of chaste marble. Says John L. Stoddard, in his lecture on Switzerland (Volume I, page 152): "Within a monstrous niche, which has been hollowed out of a perpendicular cliff, reclines, as in some mountain cave, the prostrate figure of a lion, thirty feet in length. It is evident that the animal has received a mortal wound. The handle of a spear protrudes from his side. Yet even in the agony of death he guards the French shield and lily, which he has given his life to defend. One paw protects them; his drooping head caresses them, and gives to them a mute farewell. Beneath the figure, chiseled in

the rock, are the names of the officers murdered by the mob; while above is the brief but eloquent inscription:

“To the Fidelity and Bravery of the Swiss.”

STORY OF GARIBALDI.

Garibaldi, the Italian patriot and liberator, was born at Nice, Italy, July 4, 1807. His father was a sailor, and in early life Garibaldi adopted the sea as his calling. In 1834, he took part in the outbreak in Genoa, which proved unsuccessful, and he was later condemned to death. In order to save himself he fled to France. From there he went to South America and assisted the Uruguayans in their struggle against the Argentine dictator, Manuel Rosas. He distinguished himself as a remarkable leader, both on land and sea.

In 1848, when northern Italy rose up against the intrusions of the Austrians, Garibaldi heard about it. He and his compatriot, Anzani, at once wrote to the Pope as follows: “If then today our arms, which are not strangers to fighting, are acceptable to your Holiness, we need not say how willingly we shall offer them in the service of one who has done so much for our country and our church. We shall count ourselves privileged if we are allowed to show our devotedness by offering our blood.”

To this letter no reply was ever received. Finally Garibaldi made his way to Italy, any way, and took a chance on being beheaded. He landed at Nice, his native city, and offered his services to King Charles Albert. The latter received him coldly. He went to Milan and raised an army of 30,000 men. Although the Treaty of Peace, which had been signed, gave Milan back to the Austrians, Garibaldi refused to submit, and he and his followers kept up a guerilla warfare.

Suddenly, and amid great excitement, Rome, in 1849, sent for Garibaldi to come to her defense. He responded. His command covered itself with glory in two serious defeats for the enemy, but he finally had to capitulate. When the opposing troops were preparing to enter the city, in accordance with the terms of surrender, Garibaldi, his heroic wife and a small

band of followers, left the city, as he himself said, "to take to the country and try our fate again rather than submit to the degradation of laying down our arms before the priest-ridden soldiers of Bonaparte."

The little band wandered hither and thither, but at every turn they were hounded first by the French and then by the Austrians. After a number of hairbreadth escapes, they made their way to Cesenatico and embarked for Venice. At sea they were confronted by the Austrian squadron. They turned and headed their tiny crafts for the shore near Ravenna. A number of their small vessels were captured by the Austrians, but Garibaldi and his wife, together with a few others, made their escape. Garibaldi afterwards wrote: "I leave it to be imagined what was my position at that unhappy moment; my poor wife dying, the enemy pursuing us inshore with the confidence gained by an easy victory, and the prospect of landing on a coast where, in all probability, we should find more enemies."

Still they were pursued. Many of his friends were captured and summarily shot without a trial. Garibaldi's wife finally died in his arms. He laid her body down, and with the enemy close at his heels, again made his escape. For four years he wandered here and there, scarcely daring to show his face. At last, in 1854, he settled down on the little rocky island of Caprera, five miles long and two miles wide, laying off the coast of Sardinia.

After spending five years in hard labor trying to convert the barren island into a beautiful garden, the great Italian statesman, Cavour, sent for him to meet him at Turin. Garibaldi, wearing his slouch hat and his loose red blouse, appeared one morning at the palace and asked for admission. This, the servant in attendance refused. Garibaldi, without giving his name, demanded entrance. The guard laid the matter before Cavour. He replied: "Let him come in. It is probably some poor devil who has a petition to make to me." This was the first meeting between the two. During the campaign which followed, Garibaldi distinguished himself again and again by acts of valor on the field of battle. When

the struggle was over, he was hailed from one end of Italy to the other as the "national deliverer."

His next undertaking was the capture of Sicily and the liberation of Southern Italy. It was now 1860. The world looked on aghast. Garibaldi and 1,000 men set sail from Genoa for Sicily. On the eve of his departure, he wrote the king as follows: "I know that I embark on a perilous enterprise. If we achieve it, I shall be glad to add to your Majesty's crown a new and perhaps more glorious jewel, always on the condition that your Majesty will stand opposed to counsellors who would cede this province to the foreigner as has been done with the city of my birth."

Sicily was conquered in a few days. Then he crossed over to Spartinevto; drove Bomba into Gaeta; and on the 7th of September entered Naples. In a few days he and his band had captured a kingdom. What was to be done? Sicily and Naples were without government. Garibaldi therefore proclaimed himself "dictator." He demanded of the Italian parliament that they confirm his dictatorship, until he, himself, could proclaim Victor Emmanuel King of Italy in Rome.

Cavour himself was astounded at the sudden and marvelous achievement of his old-time co-conspirator. So he gathered together an army and started south to overthrow him. They met on the northern bank of the Volturno, on October first. Garibaldi won a sweeping victory. This left him face to face with Victor Emmanuel, his own selection for king; and on November 7, the two of them rode into Naples, side by side.

Garibaldi refused all honors and decorations, but returned to his island-home on Caprera, where he spent a quiet winter.

The next April he attended a session of the new parliament at Turin. In a speech before that body he made a vigorous attack on Cavour. The latter answered him in a quiet vein as follows: "I know that between me and the honourable General Garibaldi there exists a fact which divides us two like an abyss." After reviewing their experiences in a calm, dispassionate manner, he closed by saying: "If he cannot forgive me this act, I will not bear him any grudge." King Emmanuel afterwards brought the two into a reconciliation, and three months later, Cavour died.

Garibaldi then decided to make an attack upon Rome. He gathered together a few volunteers and started on his perilous undertaking. At Aspromonte he was met by the King's forces; his following was scattered; he was wounded and taken as a prisoner of war to Varignano. Here he was fairly worshipped by Italian and English women who sought to do some act of kindness for the great patriot.

When the Proclamation of Amnesty was finally declared, and Garibaldi had gotten well, he made a trip to England. Here he was received with the wildest enthusiasm by royalty and private citizens alike. His stay was short, and he soon returned to his native country.

In 1867, trouble arose again, and Garibaldi declared he would never cease until he had planted the banner of republicanism on the Vatican at Rome. The governor arrested him, but soon released him on condition that he would go to his island-home and remain there. He returned to Caprera. Meanwhile, his son, Menotti Garibaldi, was leading a force into the Papal states. Garibaldi smarted to be with them. And so, on October 14th, he effected his escape and finally joined his son's forces in the field. They advanced on Rome and won a signal victory at Monte Rotundo. However, Napoleon III had dispatched an army into Italy. These troops and Garibaldi's met at the village of Mentana, where the Garibaldians suffered a merciless defeat.

Once more the senior Garibaldi was arrested. Once more he was liberated, on promise that he would return to his Caprera haunts and remain there. Says his biographer, "A prisoner so big as Garibaldi is always an embarrassment to goalers."

He stole away from the Island in 1870 and joined the French troops. The next year he was made a Deputy to the French National Assembly which met at Bordeaux. His conduct during the war was bitterly criticised in the Assembly. This made him angry, so he resigned and went back to his old home on Caprera.

However, in 1874, he became a member of the Italian Parliament. This body granted him a pension of 10,000 lire. He

shortly afterwards returned to Caprera where he wrote and gardened until his death which occurred June 2, 1882.

Section XXXVI.

STORY OF HELEN KELLER.

One of the most beautiful and inspiring stories in all history is that of Helen Keller.

She was born June 27, 1880, at Tuscumbia, a little town in northern Alabama. At that time she was a precocious child, in full possession of all her faculties; and she seemed very talented. At six months of age she could say "How'd you do," and ask for things to eat, while at twelve months she was walking.

Helen was a very promising girl. But at nineteen months of age she was suddenly smitten by a strange fever which left her deaf, dumb and blind. The International Encyclopædia (Vol. XI, page 432) says, "She was attacked by scarlet fever;" but Miss Keller, herself, in her auto-biography (page 7) says, "They called it acute congestion of the stomach and brain." It is evident that the physicians did not know exactly what the malady was. It caught her suddenly, and Miss Keller says, "Early one morning the fever left me as suddenly and mysteriously as it came."

Her sickness left her worse off than a new-born baby, for she had lost hearing, sight and speech. No effort was made to attempt to educate her until she was eight years of age. Then, she was placed under the instruction of Miss Anna Sullivan. Their lives became "one and inseparable." Miss Sullivan taught her to read and write and to use the finger alphabet. Then Helen desired to learn to speak. A specialist, Miss Sarah Fuller, was secured for this purpose. In a month's time she had Helen talking quite intelligibly.

The girl's progress astonished the world. After studying for some years at the Wright-Humason school and at the Cambridge school, she entered Radcliffe college where she secured a finished education. Her literary style is cultured.

Although she is still deaf and blind, she has learned to speak, and so she gets a great deal of comfort out of life. "Gradually," says Helen, "I got used to the silence and the darkness that surrounded me and forgot that it had ever been different, until she came—my teacher—who was to set my spirit free. But during the first nineteen months of my life, I had caught glimpses of broad, green fields, a luminous sky, trees and flowers which the darkness that followed could not blot out."

FIFTH GRADE.

Section XXXVII.

Look up and either read or repeat to the children the Tales of the Crusaders, as suggested in the Course of Study.

For Knights of Romance secure "Knights of King Arthur," published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Section XXXVIII.

See page 122, Ethics for Children.

Section XXXIX.

Secure if possible the book entitled "The Junior Republic." It is filled with patriotic stories.

STORY OF PASTEUR.

One of the most celebrated men in the world—especially in the field of science—is Louis Pasteur, the famous French chemist.

His experiments with bacteria were simply marvelous in their results. By artificially cultivated bacteria, he succeeded in producing a weaker crop of germs; and then by vaccina-

ting either people or animals with these weaker germs he produced in them a certain disease in mild form and rendered them immune against the disease in its aggravated form. On this basis he reduced smallpox to varioloid and took away all fear of the dreaded disease.

His greatest achievement was his bacteria cure developed for hydrophobia—madness produced by a dog bite.

Pasteur died in 1895. The world mourned his loss, because it had profited by his life.

Section XL.

“The Story of Daniel.”

“What Men Live By,” by Tolstoi. T. Y. Crowell Co., New York; price 30c.

THE STORY OF DANIEL.

The land which had been the Babylonian or Chaldean empire now became the empire of Persia; and over these Darius was the king. King Darius gave to Daniel, who was now a very old man, a high place in honor and power. Among all the rulers over the land Daniel stood first, for the king saw that he was wise, and able to rule. This made the other princes and rulers very jealous, and they tried to find something evil in Daniel, so that they could speak to the king against him.

These men knew that three times every day Daniel went to his room, and opened the window that was toward the city of Jerusalem, and looking toward Jerusalem made his prayer to God. Jerusalem was at that time in ruins, and the Temple was no longer standing; but Daniel prayed three times each day with his face toward the place where the house of God had once stood, although it was many hundred of miles away.

These nobles thought that in Daniel's prayers they could find a chance to do him harm, and perhaps cause him to be put to death. They came to King Darius, and said to him:

"All the rulers have agreed together to have a law made that for thirty days no one shall ask anything of God or any man, except from you, O king! and that if any one shall pray to any god, or shall ask anything from any man during thirty days, except from you, O king, he shall be thrown into the den where the lions are kept. Now, O king, make the law, and sign the writing, so that it cannot be changed, for no law among the Medes and Persians can be altered."

The king was not a wise man, and being foolish and vain, he was pleased with this law which would set him even above the gods. So, without asking Daniel's advice, he signed the writing; and the law was made, and the word was sent out through the kingdom that for thirty days no one should pray to any god, or ask a favor of any man.

Daniel knew that the law had been made, but every day he went to his room three times, and opened the window that looked toward Jerusalem, and offered his prayer to the Lord, just as he had prayed in other times. These rulers were watching near by, and they saw Daniel kneeling in prayer to God. Then they came to the king, and said, "O King Darius, have you not made the law that if any one in thirty days offers a prayer, he shall be thrown into the den of lions?" "It is true," said the king. "The law has been made, and it must stand."

They said to the king, "There is one man who does not obey the law which you have made. It is that Daniel, one of the captive Jews. Every day Daniel prays to his God three times, just as he did before you signed the writing of the law."

Then the king was very sorry for what he had done, for he loved Daniel, and knew that no one could take his place in the kingdom. All day, until the sun went down, he tried in vain to find some way to save Daniel's life; but when evening came these men again told him of the law that he had made, and said to him that it must be kept. Very unwillingly the king sent for Daniel, and said to Daniel, "Perhaps your God, whom you serve so faithfully, will save you from the lions."

They led Daniel to the mouth of the pit where the lions were kept, and they threw him in; and over the mouth they

placed a stone; and the king sealed it with his own seal and with the seals of his nobles, so that no one might take away the stone and let Daniel out of the den.

Then the king went again to his palace, but that night he was so sad that he could not eat, nor did he listen to music as he was used to listen. He could not sleep, for all through the night he was thinking of Daniel. Very early in the morning he rose up from his bed, and went in haste to the den of lions. He broke the seal, and took away the stone, and in a voice full of sorrow he called out, scarcely hoping to hear any answer except the roaring of the lions, "O Daniel, servant of the living God, has your God been able to keep you safe from the lions?"

And out of the darkness in the den came the voice of Daniel, saying, "O king, may you live forever! My God has sent his angel, and has shut the mouths of the lions. They have not hurt me, because my God saw that I had done no wrong. And I have done no wrong toward you, O king!"

Then Darius was glad. He gave to his servants orders to take Daniel out of the den. Daniel was brought out safe and without harm, because he had trusted fully in the Lord God. Then, by the king's command, they seized those men who had spoken against Daniel, and with them their wives and their children, for the king was exceedingly angry with them. They were all thrown into the den, and the hungry lions leaped upon them, and tore them in pieces as soon as they fell upon the floor of the den.

It was very cruel and unjust to put to death with these men their wives and children, who had done no wrong, either to King Darius or to Daniel. But cruel and unjust as it was, such things were very common in all the lands of that part of the world. The lives of people were but little cared for, and children often suffered death for their parent's crime.

After this King Darius wrote to all the lands and the peoples in the many kingdoms under his rule, "May peace be given to you all abundantly! I make a law that everywhere among my kingdoms men fear and worship the Lord God of Daniel, for he is the living God, above all other gods, who only can save men."

Daniel lived for a number of years after being saved from the lions. He had several wonderful dreams and visions, which showed him what would come to pass many years afterwards, and even to the coming of Jesus Christ.

. Section XLI.

See Ethics for Children, pages 127 to 130 inclusive.

LIFE OF COLONEL WARING.

During the Civil war a young cavalry officer, named George Waring, distinguished himself in action. After the war was over, he turned his attention to sanitation, particularly with a view to blotting out yellow fever. He constructed the drainage system of Memphis, Tenn., and he supervised the cleaning up of New Orleans. Various other southern cities employed him. The health results produced by his methods of sanitation were remarkable.

Then the city of San Diego, Cuba, employed him to come over to that Island and help to rid it of the same dreaded scourge—yellow fever. He constructed its trunk sewer system. When our army whipped the Spaniards, during the Spanish-American war, at Santiago, Cuba, and took possession of that city, President McKinley promptly dispatched a commission to that place to select suitable places for military camps, etc., hoping by this precaution to prevent yellow fever from breaking out among the American forces. For chairman of this important commission, he selected Col. George Waring. He did the work faithfully and well.

Shortly thereafter the city of Havana, Cuba, surrendered to the American troops. It was a regular pest hole for yellow fever—the worst in the world. Colonel Waring was then assigned to cleaning it up. He did this most thoroughly, with the result that for the past ten years no one has heard of a single case of yellow fever; indeed, his foresightedness made possible the digging of the Panama canal.

But, alas! while cleaning up Havana, Colonel Waring contracted the awful malady which he was trying to keep from the other men; he came back to New York City feeling badly; but had not developed the disease sufficiently to arouse suspicion on the part of the quarantine officials; he was permitted to land, and died a few days later of the same scourge that his genius mastered. The world owes him an incalculable debt. He was a true benefactor of his day and generation—yes; of mankind for all generations.

Section XLII.

“He Knew Lincoln,” by Ida Tarbell. The Macmillan Co., New York, price 50c.

“The Perfect Tribute.” Charles Scribner’s Sons, New York; price 50c.

“He That is Faithful.” See *Ethics for Children*, page 132.

Section XLIII.

For “Sir Galahad,” consult the *International Encyclopaedia*, Vol. 8, page 308, and Vol. 9, page 109; or any other standard works that you may have. Walter Map’s “Quest of the Holy Grail,” gives the legend in full.

Joan of Arc.” Educator Company, Mitchell, S. D.; price 5c. postage 2c.

Section XLIV.

“Truth,” in “Every Day Ethics,” by Ella L. Cabot. Henry Holt and Co., New York; price \$1.25. Copyrighted. Must be secured from the publishers.

Section XLV.

The Course of Study refers to Dr. Schauffler’s Decoration Day material. This is hard to secure. The school

journals—especially the “Primary Education,” are filled with Decoration Day material each year.

See *Ethics for Children*, page 146, for an outline of readings from St. Paul.

SIXTH GRADE.

Section XLVI.

“David and Jonathan.” This story is given in full in this book, *Fourth Grade*, section 28; hence, it will not be repeated here.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

A young man whose name was Pyth'i-as had done something which the tyrant Dionysius did not like. For this offense he was dragged to prison, and a day was set when he should be put to death. His home was far away, and he wanted very much to see his father and mother and friends before he died.

“Only give me leave to go home and say good-by to those whom I love,” he said, “and then I will come back and give up my life.”

The tyrant laughed at him.

“How can I know that you will keep your promise?” he said. “You only want to cheat me, and save yourself.”

Then a young man whose name was Da-mon spoke and said,—

“O king! put me in prison in place of my friend Pyth-i-as, and let him go to his own country to put his affairs in order, and to bid his friends farewell. I know that he will come back as he promised, for he is a man who has never broken his word. But if he is not here on the day which you have set, then I will die in his stead.”

The tyrant was surprised that anybody should make such an offer. He at last agreed to let Pythias go, and gave orders that the young man Damon should be shut up in prison.

Time passed, and by and by the day drew near which had been set for Pythias to die; and he had not come back. The tyrant ordered the jailer to keep close watch upon Damon, and not let him escape. But Damon did not try to escape. He still had faith in the truth and honor of his friend. He said, "If Pythias does not come back in time, it will not be his fault. It will be because he is hindered against his will."

At last the day came, and then the very hour. Damon was ready to die. His trust in his friend was as firm as ever; and he said that he did not grieve at having to suffer for one whom he loved so much.

Then the jailer came to lead him to his death; but at the same moment Pythias stood in the door. He had been delayed by storms and ship-wreck, and he had feared that he was too late. He greeted Damon kindly, and then gave himself into the hands of the jailer. He was happy because he thought that he had come in time, even though it was at the last moment.

The tyrant was not so bad but that he could see good in others. He felt that men who loved and trusted each other, as did Damon and Pythias, ought not to suffer unjustly. And so he set them both free.

"I would give all my wealth to have one such friend," he said.

Section XLVIII.

RUTH AND NAOMI.

In the time of the judges in Israel, a man named Elimelech was living in the town of Bethlehem, in the tribe of Judah, about six miles south of Jerusalem. His wife's name was Naomi, and his two sons were Mahlon and Chilion. For some years the crops were poor, and food was scarce in Judah; and Elimelech, with his family, went to live in the land of Moab, which was on the east side of the Dead Sea, as Judah was on the west.

There they stayed ten years, and in that time Elimelech died. His two sons married women of the country of Moab,

one woman named Orpah, the other named Ruth. But the two young men also died in the land of Moab, so that Naomi and her two daughters-in-law were all left widows.

Naomi heard that God had again given good harvests and bread to the land of Judah, and she rose up to go from Moab back to her own land and her own town of Bethlehem. Her two daughters-in-law loved her and both would have gone with her, though the land of Judah was a strange land to them, for they were of the Moabite people.

Naomi said to them, "Go back, my daughters, to your own mothers' homes. May the Lord deal kindly with you, as you have been kind to your husbands and to me. May the Lord grant that each of you may yet find another husband and a happy home." Then Naomi kissed them in farewell, and the three women all wept together. The two young widows said to her, "You have been a good mother to us, and we will go with you, and live among your people."

"No, no," said Naomi. "You are young, and I am old. Go back and be happy among your own people."

Then Orpah kissed Naomi and went back to her people; but Ruth would not leave her. She said, "Do not ask me to leave you, for I never will. Where you go, I will go; where you live, I will live; your people shall be my people; and your God shall be my God. Where you die, I will die, and be buried. Nothing but death itself shall part you and me."

When Naomi saw that Ruth was firm in her purpose, she ceased trying to persuade her; so the two women went on together. They walked around the Dead Sea, and crossed the river Jordan, and climbed the mountains of Judah, and came to Bethlehem.

Section XLIX.

Charles Dickens' "Christmas Carol" will no doubt have to be taken from his standard works.

Tolstoi's "Gospel Stories" asked for in this section, is a large volume published by the T. Y. Crowell Co., New York; price \$1.25.

See Ethics for Children, page 156.

Section L.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

Once a child who thought well of herself was walking along the street, and saw another child, who was poorly clad.

"How wretched it must be," she said to herself, "to be poor and shabby like that child; How thin she is! and how her patched cloak flutters in the wind; so different from my velvet dress and coat!"

Just then an Angel came along.

"What are you looking at?" asked the Angel.

"I was looking at that girl!" said the child.

"So was I," said the Angel. "How beautifully she is dressed!"

"What do you mean?" said the child. "I mean this one coming toward us. She is in rags, or at least if her clothes are not ragged, they are wretchedly thin and shabby."

"Oh, no," said the Angel. "How can you say so? She is in sparkling white, as clear as frost. I never saw anything so pretty. But you, you poor little thing, you are indeed miserably clad. Does not the wind blow through and through these flimsy tatters? But at least you could keep them clean, my dear, and mended. You should see to that."

"I don't know what you mean!" said the child. "That girl is a ragged beggar, and my father is the richest man in town. I have a velvet dress and coat, trimmed with expensive fur. What are you talking about?"

"About the clothes of your soul, of course!" said the Angel, who was young.

"I don't know anything about souls," said the child.

"I shouldn't think you did!" said the Angel.

Sections LI—LIV.

Follow the work as outlined in the Course of Study.

SEVENTH GRADE.**Section LV.**

Follow the Course of Study.

Section LVI.

The Story of General Gordon asked for in this section may be found in *Ethics for Children*, page 189—195 inclusive.

Sections LVII—LVIII.

Follow the Course of Study.

Section LIX.

The selection entitled "A Message to Garcia," asked for in this section was written by Elbert Hubbard. It is published by the Roycroft Press, East Aurora, N. Y. The article is copyrighted and cannot be reproduced. It is a splendid dramatic production, and every teacher should procure a copy of it.

"Dolly Madison." See *Ethics for Children*, page 202.

Section LX.**STORY OF MASON AND SLIDELL.**

Mason and Slidell were two Confederate commissioners sent by the South to England during the Civil war to represent the Confederacy as a belligerent power. They sailed on the British steamer, "Trent." In mid-ocean they were seized by a United States war-ship and brought back. This act created great excitement and threatened to bring on war between Great Britain and the United States. President Lincoln's sense of justice saved the calamity. He disapproved the act, and ordered the commissioners to be released and permitted to carry out their errand.

Section LXI.

The article on patriotism, referred to in this section as being found on page 209 *Ethics for Children*, should be read aloud to the entire school. It is one of the finest examples of self-sacrifice in all history. Nothing on the field of battle surpasses it.

Section LXII.**THE RIDE OF COLLINS GRAVES.**

(By John Boyle O'Reilly)

No song of a soldier riding down
To the raging fight of Winchester town;
No song of a time that shook the earth
With the nation's throe at a nation's birth;
But the song of a brave man, free from fear
As Sheridan's self, or Paul Revere;
Who risked what they risked,—free from strife
And its promise of glorious pay,—his life.

The peaceful valley has waked and stirred,
And the answering echoes of life are heard;
The dew still clings to the trees and grass,
And the earlier toilers smiling pass,
As they glance up the valley where merrily comes
The brook that sparkles in diamond rills
As the sun comes over the Hampshire hills.

What was it that passed like an ominous breath?
Like a shiver of fear or a touch of death?
What was it? The valley is peaceful still,
And the leaves are afire on the top of the hill,
It was not a sound, nor a thing of sense—
But a pain, like a pang in the short suspense
That warps the being of those who see
At their feet the gulf of eternity.

The air of the valley has felt the chill,
The workers pause at the door of the mill;
The housewife, keen to the shivering air,
Arrests her foot on the cottage stair,
Instinctive taught by the mother-love,
And thinks of the sleeping ones above.

Why start the listeners? Why does the course
Of the mill-stream widen? Is it a horse—
“Hark to the sound of his hoofs,” they say—
That gallops so wildly Williamsburg way?

God! What was that, like a human shriek,
From the widening valley? Will nobody speak;
Will nobody answer those women who cry
As the awful warnings thunder by?

Whence come they? Listen! And now they hear
The sound of the galloping horse-hoofs near;
They watch the trend of the vale, and see
The rider, who thunders so menacingly,
With waving arms and warning scream
To the home-filled banks of the valley stream.
He draws no rein, but he shakes the street
With a shout and the ring of the galloping feet,
And this is the cry that he flings to the wind:
“To the hills for your lives! The flood is behind!”

He cries and is gone; but they know the worst—
The treacherous Williamsburg dam has burst!
The basin that nourished their happy homes
Is changed to a demon—It comes! it comes!
A monster in aspect, with shaggy front
Of shattered dwellings to take the brunt
Of the dwellings they shatter,—white-maned and hoarse,
The merciless terror fills the course
Of the narrow valley, and rushing raves,
With death on the first of its hissing waves,
Till cottage and street and crowded mill

Are crumbled and crushed. But onward still,
In front of the roaring flood is heard
The galloping horse and the warning word.
Thank God, that the brave man's life is spared!
From Williamsburg town he nobly dared
To race with the flood and to take the road
In front of the terrible swath it mowed.
For miles it thundered and crashed behind,
But he looked ahead with a steadfast mind:—
"They must be warned!" was all he said,
As away on his terrible ride he sped.

When heroes are called for, bring the crown
To this Yankee rider; send him down
On the stream of time with the Curtius old;
His deed, as the Roman's, was brave and bold.
And the tale can as noble a thrill awake,
For he offered his life for the people's sake.

Section LXIII.

Follow the Course of Study.

EIGHTH GRADE.

Sections LXIV—V—VI.

The work for these three sections is outlined in the Course of Study as well as it can be.

Section LXVII.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

One of the most noted women in modern history is Florence Nightingale, the famous English nurse.

She was born in Derbyshire, England, in 1820. Her father and mother were broad minded, sympathetic people. Florence evidently inherited these traits. Her father was a rich land owner in England, commonly called a "squire." Florence had plenty of good horses to ride, and she grew up in a healthy atmosphere.

Her first nurse work, and that which no doubt gave the inspiration to her life, was in caring for a poor shepherd dog whom the boys had stoned and injured very badly. She was riding home from London when she saw an old shepherd, named Roger, very much excited and unable to control his sheep. She asked what the matter was. He replied that some bad boys had stoned his faithful dog and broken his leg, so that he was useless, and that he would have to kill him.

"Oh don't!" cried Florence. Are you sure his leg is broken?"

They finally examined the dog and found that his leg was not broken, but that he was badly injured otherwise.

Florence made a hot compress, took the shepherd's extra smock, tore it into strips, bathed the dog's leg until the inflammation had subsided, and cared for him until he had gotten well. He served his master for many useful years thereafter.

At the age of seventeen, she conducted a Bible class at Lea Hurst for the factory girls in the hosiery mills. Her life was broadening rapidly into one of mercy and help. She went to London. There she saw misery that astonished her. The slum homes were awful. The hospitals were no better. Says her biographer: "She determined then and there to see what could be done to reform these hospitals. This was to be her life work. She was about twenty-one years old when she definitely decided upon it."

She spent the next thirteen years of her life under the hospital sheds of England, visiting every such institution in the kingdom. She also went to Paris, Rome, Berlin, Brussels, Constantinople and Alexandria, and studied the sanitary conditions prevailing in all these places.

Upon her return home she was called to the superintendency of the Hartley Street Home in London. Here she was

surrounded by a swarm of ailing and despondent women. She swept their rooms with her own hands, made their beds, gave them medicine.

Finally, she broke down from over work, and had to go home for a long rest. Then the awful Crimean war broke out. The conditions of the sick and wounded, and their terrible neglect, astonished the civilized world when once the facts began to be known. The British nation appealed to Florence Nightingale—the woman of destiny—to go to the front and care for their thousands of sick and wounded. Within six days she had selected thirty trained nurses and had started for the front.

Upon her arrival at army headquarters, she assumed charge of all the sick. She gave twenty hours a day to her work. The army correspondent to the London Times wrote: "She is a ministering angel, without any exaggeration, in these hospitals; and as her slender form glides quietly along each corridor, every poor fellow's face softens with gratitude at the sight of her. When all the medical officers have retired for the night, and silence and darkness have settled down upon the miles of prostrate forms, she may be observed alone with lamp in hand, making her solitary rounds."

It was this that gave rise to Longfellow's beautiful poem,

"And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow as it falls
Upon the darkening walls."

She returned home in 1856, broken in health and destined to remain more or less an invalid for the rest of her life. The English people became thoroughly aroused and started to raise a fund for her. Rich and poor alike subscribed to it. Every soldier in the English army gave one day's pay. The whole sum amounted to \$250,000. She refused it, except upon one condition; that was, that she might use it to found a hospital. Consent was given; and the beautiful St. Thomas Hospital in London was accordingly opened.

She died August 13, 1910; but not until she had lived to bless mankind.

SANTA FILOMENA.

(By Henry W. Longfellow)

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

Section LXVIII.

Look up the work called for in the Course of Study.

Section LXIX.

JANE ADDAMS.

The ethical work for the eighth grade for this month centers itself around a remarkable character, Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House fame.

When she was three years of age, she came home one evening, and saw an American flag and a jet black flag waving side by side from the gate posts of her father's home. Rushing into the house she asked him what these meant. He replied, "The greatest man in the world (Abraham Lincoln) is dead." Thus we associate her birth with the great Civil war, and her life of usefulness with the period since the war.

At seventeen, she entered Rockford college where for four years she specialized on history and on mental and moral philosophy. Then she enrolled in a Philadelphia medical college. At the end of the first year her health broke down and she had to give up her professional training. The doctors advised her to go abroad. So she spent the next two years in Europe, feasting on the art treasures of the Old World.

Finally, she went to London. Here, one Saturday night, she saw a huckster in the slum district auctioning off some old half-decayed cabbages. The first fellow who got one sat down in the street and began to gnaw it with delight. The sight appealed to Jane Addams; and momentarily she caught a vision: she saw thousands of dirty hands projecting forward through the gloom of the night, pleading for something to eat. Her heart melted. She was rich; she was cultured; but as she herself said, "What is the use of culture if it does nothing to mitigate the sufferings of the world?" Right here she had seized hold of her life's calling.

Her next conversion came when she witnessed a bull fight in Madrid. She again heard the call for reform.

In 1889, she returned to Chicago, rented the Hull House and immortalized its name. Here she was surrounded by Greeks, Irish, Poles, Russians and Bohemians; in fact, all told, thirty-six distinct nationalities. Many of the mothers were bread winners. Miss Addams first opened a day nursery where for five cents each, children could be cared for during the working hours of their mothers. Then she opened a kindergarten. She fed the poor, secured medical attention for the sick, comforted the dying and did a thousand and one other acts of mercy and helpfulness. Not content, she went to the public library and persuaded them to place a branch in Hull House. This they did. The little foreigners soon learned to read English and many of them have since become stars in the professional world. One woman with a vision had given them a chance. Religious teachings were also introduced through means of pious Sunday concerts. Today she is one of the most popular women in the entire habitable world.

Section LXX.

"Sister Dora" by Margaret Lonsdale. Little Brown & Co., Boston; price \$1.25.

Section LXXI.**CLARA BARTON.**

Miss Clara Barton, the "Mother of the Red Cross" in America, came into the world as a Christmas present to her parents,—she having been born on December 25, 1821, at Oxford, Mass.

Her early years were spent on her father's farm where her chief delight was horseback riding; in fact, she never forgot this art, for at the age of seventy-seven, she wrote: "To this day my seat on a saddle or on the back of a horse is as secure and tireless as in a rocking chair, and far more pleasurable."

Clara's education was of the home kind. Her older brother taught her mathematics, and her two sisters taught her literature, while her father schooled her in history and politics. She attended the old-fashioned district school for a short time, but she made no headway, for she was to dreadfully bashful.

When she was eleven years of age, her brother David who was her idol took sick. He lay near death's door for two years. Clara nursed him. In this "school of experience," she got the practical lessons which afterwards developed her eventful life.

However, at sixteen years of age, she had acquired sufficient knowledge to take a position as teacher of a country school—District Number Nine. Her bashfulness was again her handicap, for on the first day, all she did for quite awhile was to read aloud the Bible to the scholars, rather than to look them squarely in the face. Still, she succeeded—and wonderfully, too. It was only a short time until she became the most popular teacher in the whole neighborhood. The rural school could not retain her. She was called to a position

in the town schools at Bordentown, New Jersey. Her first year was a phenomenal success. The second year the board was called upon to make room for five hundred additional pupils.

But in 1854, her health began to break, and she had to give up her work as a teacher. Then, through a relative who held a seat in Congress, she got an appointment to a position in the U. S. Patent office. President Buchanan removed her from this position in 1857, because she was an ardent and outspoken anti-slavery woman.

The Civil war was now close at hand. On the 19th of April, 1861, she was in Washington, D. C., where she had for some time resided, when a train from Baltimore brought in a lot of wounded soldiers. Clara Barton pushed her way near to them. She recognized some of them as her old pupils in District Number Nine. They were the Sixth Massachusetts militia. Forty of the wounded were taken to the local hospital which was soon greatly congested. The sight of the place moved Miss Barton's heart. She put on an apron and went to work.

Not only did she look after the immediate physical needs of the wounded, but she wrote letters home for them. In a few days she found herself overwhelmed with mail. Then she left the hospital and went down the Potomac river to where the wounded were being received from the battle-fields, and ministered to them. Not satisfied, she applied for a pass through the army lines. After much "red tape," this was granted her. She went direct to the field hospitals, and assisted the surgeons in caring for the wounded in every way she could. Again not satisfied, she went right out onto the battle-fields and cared for the wounded as they fell. At Culpepper Court House and at Cedar Mountain she was under heavy fire for over four hours. It seems strange how Providence favors such women as these. Clara Barton collected a hospital wagon and medical supplies of her own. At Antietam, the regular medical wagons were a day behind in arriving: Clara Barton had hers there right from the start; and many a man's life was saved after the first day's hard fighting through the ready assistance which he got from her

supplies. Again at Fredericksburg, she walked right into the very teeth of the Confederate cannon and assisted in caring for the enemy's wounded. Her biographer says: "She was constantly in danger. Her clothing was often pierced by bullets, and her face was blackened by the powder smoke." Not all the glory belongs to the men in time of war.

Miss Barton did another service that was most glorious. While on the field, she kept a roster of the dead and wounded as far as possible. When the war was over, hundreds of anxious fathers and mothers began to write to the authorities at Washington to find out, if possible, where such and such men were buried. The government was at a loss to know what to do. They called Clara Barton. She supplied the names and burial places of over thirty thousand soldiers.

Her health again gave way and she was forced to go to Europe for a rest. While there, the Franco-German war broke out. Here she saw the practical working of the "Red Cross Society," an organization which had sprung into existence in Switzerland, in 1863, based upon reports of her work in the Civil war which was at that time in progress. Although M. Henri Durant, of Geneva, Switzerland, organized the Red Cross, yet it was Clara Barton who gave the impetus to it, and who, at the risk of her life, showed its practicability.

In 1882, when President Arthur signed the treaty establishing the American Red Cross, Clara Barton was worthily made its first president. She soon saw that an organization that was useful only in times of war was not of much account, so she prevailed upon the government to make the Red Cross available in times of peace. This happy thought soon found reward. Their help was called to the victims of the awful forest fire in Michigan; to those left homeless by the terrible cyclone in Louisiana; to the Johnstown flood sufferers.

Suddenly the Spanish-American war was upon us. The Red Cross was organized, was experienced, was ready; so was Clara Barton. Cuba and the Philippines bear homage to her memory.

Section LXXII.

HENRY FAWCETT.

Henry Fawcett, an English economist, was born at Salisbury, in 1833. He was educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and graduated with high honors in mathematics.

He had an accident while shooting in 1858, which rendered him totally blind. Undaunted by his misfortune, he set himself to work to make the best out of life. He began to write books and magazine articles on economic questions. His two books entitled respectively, "A Manual of Political Economy," and "The Economic Position of the British Laborer," excited wide and favorable comment, with the result that he was elected Professor of Political Economy in the University of Cambridge.

Then he became politically ambitious. He ran for Parliament six times; was elected twice and defeated four times. However, in 1880, he became Postmaster-General for the Kingdom, and made a great record for himself.

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

Francis Parkman, the great American historian, was born in Boston in 1823. After graduating from the philosophic course at Harvard University, he took a two-year law course in the same institution. Upon the completion of it, he decided not to practice, but to give his attention to history.

He found that the only way to gather history was to traverse the country where certain historical events had taken place; therefore, he came west as early as 1846 and lived among the Sioux Indians, securing from them as much information as possible about their tribal relations and history. He also visited the Black Hills, and then went on as far west as the Rocky Mountains. Upon his return he published an account of his travels under the caption of "The Oregon Trail."

This trip west ruined his health; yet he stuck faithfully to his task of preparing his history. The first of his historical

works, "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," was published in two volumes and appeared in 1851.

Parkman then decided to try his hand at fiction. He spent several years roaming over America and Europe gathering information for his historical novel, "Vassal Morton," which appeared in 1856, but which met with little success.

The failing of his health forced him to live out of doors a great deal. This enabled him to acquire a vast deal of information about horticulture, with the result that in 1886 he published a book on this subject entitled "The Book of Roses." The success of this book brought him the professorship of horticulture at Harvard in 1871.

During the period of time that had elapsed since his first historical work appeared, he had, in addition to the other tasks mentioned herein, gathered a great deal of information, and had published many other historical works as follows: "Pioneers of France in the New World," "The Jesuits in North America," "La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West."

He did not like his professorship at Harvard, so he resigned it at the end of the first year, and again devoted himself to history. In 1874, "The Old Regime in Canada," appeared; in 1877, "Count Frontenac and New France Under Louis XIV;," in 1884, "Montcalm and Wolfe" (two Vols.); in 1894, "A Half Century of Conflict," (two Vols.).

It must be remembered that his health all through this period was so poor that he could do very little work himself. He had to dictate his composition and then have his paid typists read it to him. His eyes were so bad that he was almost blind. Yet he struggled on heroically against these odds, and won. He died in 1893, but not until he had written his name in history with Prescott, Bancroft and Motley.

HARRIET BEECHER-STOWE.

To condense into a small space the life of such an heroic character as Harriet Beecher Stowe is no small task. Her father was a Congregational preacher in Litchfield, Conn.

There Harriet was born June 14, 1811. She was brought up in an atmosphere of strictest obedience. In early childhood she became a lover of books.

Miss Beecher's first poems appeared when she was yet a mere child. The meter in them was splendid. They read gracefully. When one of her pets was shot, she buried it gently in the yard and wrote for it this epitaph:

"Here lies our kit
Who had a fit
And acted queer;
Shot with a gun,
Her race is run,
And she lies here."

In 1832, when Harriett was twenty-one years of age, her father was called to the presidency of Lane Theological Seminary, at Cincinnati, Ohio. This caused the family to move west. They settled at Walnut Hills, two miles out of the city. Harriett and her sister Catherine had been teaching at Hartford, Conn. When they reached Cincinnati, they opened a school for girls, called "The Female Institute."

They were now in the atmosphere of the West; separated from slave territory only by the narrow confines of the Ohio rivers. Negroes were thick in their community. Stories of the cruelty practiced upon them by their southern owners were rife in Cincinnati. Harriett became alarmed over them. She opened a mission for Negroes, where they were taught the Bible. Her sympathy for them grew deeper and deeper the more she associated with them.

Her health and that of her sister both failed in due course of time, and the Female Institute was closed. Meanwhile, one of Harriett's dearest girl friends had married Prof. Calvin E. Stowe, of Lane Seminary, and had then died inside of a year. She sympathized with Stowe. This sympathy ripened into a love match, and they were married in 1836.

Providence gave to them seven children. Their mother was devoted to them. She once wrote to a friend: "I wish you could see me with my flock around me. They sum up my cares, and were they gone, I should ask myself, 'What now re-

mains to be done?" They are my work over which I fear and tremble."

Stowe's salary as professor of Biblical Literature was very meager. The family was poor. Occasionally, Mrs. Stowe had to write a short story for some magazine to "keep the wolf from the door."

However, in 1850, Stowe was called to Bowdoin college, at New Brunswick, Maine. The Fugitive Slave law, providing for the return to their owners of slaves who had escaped into free states, had just been enacted by congress. Mrs. Stowe saw the lecherous detectives from the South seizing escaped negroes, whipping them into subjection, and "driving" them back home again.

These scenes got onto her heart. She wrote to her son, "I remember many a night weeping over you as you lay sleeping beside me, and I thought of the slave mothers whose babies were torn from them." Later, she received from her sister-in-law in Boston a letter which read in part: "Now, Hattie, if I could use a pen as you can, I would write something that would make the whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is." When Mrs. Stowe received the letter and had finished reading it, she arose with a feeling of animation pictured on her face and exclaimed, "God helping me, I will write something!"

A few Sundays afterward, while sitting in church, she caught a vision of an old negro dying—in the Christian faith. Upon her return home, she locked herself into a room and wrote out the vision in full as it had appeared to her. She named it "The Death of Uncle Tom."

When it was finished she read it to her family. The children wept. Her husband suggested that she write a series of articles on slavery and that she use this one as the climax of the rest. This serial appeared in the "National Era," an abolition paper published in Washington, D. C., the first issue of the story coming from press June 5th, 1851; the last, April 1st, 1852. She gave to the serial the title "Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Life Among the Lowly." Scarcely had the story been completed when it re-appeared in book form under the abridged title of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Three thousand copies of it were sold the first day; three hundred thousand within the first year: a half million copies were sent to England. Her royalties for the first four months amounted to the enormous sum of \$10,000. The poverty was removed from the old home, and Harriett Beecher Stowe became the most renowned woman, if not the most celebrated person, in the entire world. Said the poet Holmes of her:

"If every tongue that speaks her praise
For whom I shape my tinkling phrase
Were summoned to the table,
The vocal chorus that would meet
Of mingling accents harsh or sweet,
From every land and tribe, would beat
The polyglots of Babel."

The South received the publication with extreme bitterness. Southern publications denounced it in language that was irritating. These "knocks" helped to advertise it. Mrs. Stowe had stuck her pen into the heart of a national problem, but that heart had to be penetrated again with the sword ten years later. The world stood aghast. No book has ever been written that created such a commotion and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is to this day a favorite American drama for old and young.

When the historian writes "Abraham Lincoln freed the slaves," let him not forget Harriett Beecher Stowe.

After the war she and her husband moved to Florida where they bought a ranch with part of the money which her famous novel had earned; built a school house and a church at Mandarin, Florida, out of their own funds, and did all within their power to alleviate the suffering and hardships and ignorance of the southern blacks.

She died in 1896, at the extreme age of eighty-five years. Her place in history is secure. The path of "freedom" will ever be lighted by her life.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Phillips Brooks is regarded by historians as the greatest

preacher of the Nineteenth century. Although he did not rank with Beecher as an orator, with Gough as a reformer, or with Bushnell or Mulford as theologians, yet, taking him all in all and combining all his qualities, he was the peer of any one of these men. This conclusion must be based upon his power in the pulpit, and his power in the pulpit must be based upon his wide scope of learning and his habits of preparation for his sermons. He was at home with all of the poets of two continents, with the theologians of the world, with the antiquarians of all ages, and with the best Greek and Latin scholars of Europe. In the preparation of his sermons, Dr. Allen, his biographer, says: "His next plan was to go over the paragraphs, each of which contained a distinct idea, and was to become, when expanded, a paragraph in the finished sermon, placing over against each the number of pages it would occupy when it had been amplified. Then he added the numbers together. Thirty pages was the limit of the written sermon. If these numbers of assigned pages fell short of thirty he review his plan to see where he might expand, or where to reduce if he had too many."

Like many other boys who graduate from college, Brooks did not even know at the time of his graduation what his life's work was to be. Two opinions possessed him: he either wanted to be a teacher or else devote his life to literature. He finally found his life's calling and entered the ministry. At Alexandria, Va., he fitted himself for his new profession. Then he became rector of the Church of the Advent, at Philadelphia, in 1859. Three years later he changed to the Holy Trinity church in Philadelphia. In 1869 he removed to Boston where he became rector of Trinity at that place, and twenty-two years afterwards he was elected Bishop of Massachusetts.

Of his several volumes of published lectures which he left behind when he died in 1893, the best one is "The Influence of Jesus." There is nothing finer in the whole range of Biblical Literature than this. It is a masterpiece, and it will be referred to by theological students and orators for years to come.

Brooks had a style of oratory similar to that employed by Wendell Phillips,—a style which is just now being employed

effectively by the celebrated Dr. Hillis. He seldom made a gesture; did not indulge in fantasy, but depended upon the profundity of his thought and the inflections of his voice for oratorical effect.

His biographer is Dr. A. G. V. Allen. The biography consists of two large volumes—one six hundred and fifty pages, the other nine hundred and fifty. Criticising it, Dr. Lyman Abbott said: "He has not known how to omit; we can readily see that it would be almost impossible to omit. Nothing that he has given us from Phillips Brooks' notebooks would we willingly lose. And yet sixteen hundred pages to the life of one man are too many. * * * But, making all allowances, we must still characterize this as the biography of a genius by a genius."

The following poem on his life is from the pen of John White Chadwick:

"Here was a man cast in such a generous mold
Of body, brain, and conscience, heart and soul,
That if till now we never had been told
Of an eternal life and perfect goal
Beyond the verge of this, our mortal space,
Straightway of such we should conceive, and dare
Believe it builded in God's boundless grace
After this man's great fashion, high and fair.

We could not make him dead; and if for him
That fuller life were established and secure,
Then for all souls however fallen, and dim
With soil and strain, it could not be less sure:
For he no joy in heaven's height could find
Save as he shared it with all mankind."

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